"Out of Sight"

screenplay by

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from the novel by

Elmore Leonard

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BLACK

We hear TRAFFIC, some STREET NOISES, then...

1 FADE IN: A MIAMI STREET - DAY 1

The financial district. Lots of people in suits. A shaky, spasmodic ZOOM IN finds...

JACK FOLEY -- forty, big, focused expression -- as he rips a tie from around his neck and throws it down in the gutter. He starts across the street, now peeling off his suitcoat and dropping that, too, right there on the asphalt as we then...

WHIP PAN OVER TO REVEAL: A BANK ACROSS THE STREET

As Foley goes inside, we then...

2 CUT TO: A PRINTED BROCHURE THAT READS... 2

LOOKING FOR MONEY?

YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

We then PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we're now...

INSIDE THE BANK

as Foley stands at a counter holding the above CREDIT APPLICATION while he studies the bank layout.

Foley watches a MAN IN A SUIT, carrying an attache case, enter the bank and move through the gate into the fenced-off business area at the front. An EXECUTIVE rises from his desk, shakes hands with the man and they both sit down.

Foley tosses the brochure in the trash, then crosses to a teller window where a nameplate on the counter tells us the young woman with the pile of dark hair smiling at him is LORETTA.

TELLER/LORETTA
How can I help you, sir?

FOLEY
Loretta, you see that guy talking to your manager, has his case open?

Foley takes out A ZIPPO LIGHTER and casually, yet expertly, begins to fiddle with it as the teller looks across the bank.

LORETTA
That's Mr. Guindon, one of our assistant managers. Our manager is Mr. Schoen, but he's not in today.

FOLEY
But you see the guy with the attache case?

LORETTA
(looks again)
Yes.

FOLEY
That's my partner. He has a gun in there. And if you don't do exactly what I tell you, or you give me any kind of a problem, I'll look over at my partner and he'll shoot your Mr. Guindon between the eyes.

Loretta goes stiff, swallows, stares back at Foley.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Now take one of those big envelopes and put as many hundreds, fifties and twenties as you can pack into it. Nothing with bank straps or rubber bands. I don't want any dye packs, I don't want any bait money. Start with the second drawer and then the one over there, under the computer. Come on, Loretta, the key's right there next to you. No bills off the bottom of the drawer.
(as she works)
First time being robbed?
(She nods)
You're doing great. Just smile, Loretta, so you won't look like you're being held up.
(she smiles awkwardly)
That's the way, you're doing fine.

We hear a bit of THUNDER and Foley cuts a fast look out the front door. When he turns back, he sees that Loretta's having some trouble fitting all the bills into the envelope.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Here, give me the twenties, I'll put 'em in my pocket. Okay, I haven't had to give my partner a sign; that's good. Now, he's gonna wait thirty seconds till after I'm out the door, make sure you haven't set off the alarm. If you have, he's gonna shoot Mr. Guindon between the eyes. Okay? I think that'll do it. Thank you, Loretta, and have a nice day.

LORETTA
You, too.

Foley heads for the door. He pauses by Mr. Guindon's desk, looks back at Loretta. Foley smiles at her, then turns to the Man sitting with Mr. Guindon, indicates Loretta...

FOLEY
She's cute, isn't she?

The Man looks across the bank at Loretta.

MAN
Uh, yeah, I guess so.

Foley winks at Loretta and walks out.

MAN (CONT'D)
(to Mr. Guindon)
Who was that?

3 EXT. BANK - SAME 3

As Foley comes out, calmly walks to a Honda Civic and gets in.

4 INT. CAR - SAME 4

As Foley tries to start the car. No go. He tries again.

FOLEY
Come on...

But the car won't start. Foley bangs on the wheel...

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Foley then stiffens as A COP sticks his gun through the open window into Foley's ear...

COP
I think you flooded it.

Foley looks to the passenger window where ANOTHER COP, smiling, now has his gun pointing at him...

COP #2
Get out've the car, sir.

FOLEY
Wanna hear a funny story?

COP #2
Shut up and get out've the car.

And as Foley obliges, we then...

FADE TO WHITE.

We hear a MAN GRUNT. Then see Foley in SLOW MOTION as he jumps through frame, now we see a basketball come up in his hand as we realize he's on his way to the rim when...

...ANOTHER GUY rams into him mid-air, knocks him down.

5 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY 5

A BASKETBALL GAME in progress. All of the men, Foley included, are dressed in blue coveralls and white T-shirts. The game is rough. Hair is pulled. Eyes are poked. Faces punched.

A title reads: **"GLADES CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION. BELLE GLADE, FLORIDA."**

Foley is the oldest player here. He's getting tired, starts to lose his breath. He finally walks off the court, breathing so hard he can't even talk. He simply motions to SOME YOUNG CONVICT to come in and take his place.

Foley sits down on a bench, tries to catch his breath. He looks across the yard to where...

A GROUP OF ELDERLY INMATES

sitting around a wooden picnic table playing cards. All of them over sixty. One of them, a one-legged guy on crutches hops away from the table, spits out some tobacco as we...

INTERCUT THE OLD TIMERS WITH FOLEY WATCHING THEM:

As we see one old guy is making a picture frame out of old Pal Mal and Lucky Strike packs. Another tends to a tomato bush in a tiny patch of garden near the wall. Another one sits nearby painting a picture of a man and a boy fishing from a rowboat.

Foley is about to get up off the bench when something catches his eye. He watches as...

TWO LATINO MEN

both little guys, jog past the game, slow to a walk, then stop and begin stretching out. One of them nods to Foley. Foley nods back, waits for the Latin guys to walk off, then walks over to a guard, PUPKO ("PUP"), heavyset, dumb as dirt.

PUP
You want something, Foley?

Foley keeps his eyes fixed on the basketball game.

FOLEY
Some people are going out of here.
What if I told you where and when?

PUP
How many?

FOLEY
I expect you to look out for me, Pup, let me run off work details.

PUP
Okay. How many going out?

FOLEY
I hear six.

PUP
When?

FOLEY
Looks like tonight.

PUP
You know who they are?

FOLEY
I do, but I won't tell you just yet. Meet me in the chapel at eight-thirty, right before lock-down.

6 INT. MESS HALL - LUNCH 6

As Foley takes his tray up the center aisle, he scans the sea of white T-shirts until he sees the two little Latins sitting at a table full of other little Latins. CHINO -- fifties, in shape -- shovels macaroni in his mouth.

Chino's "wife," LULU, nineteen, looks up from his own neat tray of macaroni and jello and watches Foley walk past and sit down with a bunch of Bikers.

Foley watches as the guy across from Chino scrapes some macaroni off his plate and onto Chino's and Chino wolfs that down, too.

7 EXT. MESS - DAY 7

As Chino steps outside and lights a cigarette. He puts an arm around Lulu, starts to walk off...

FOLEY (OS)
Today's the day, huh?

Chino looks over, watches Foley approach, lets his arm slip down so he can hook his thumb into Lulu's belt... the next thing to having him on a leash.

FOLEY
You excited?

CHINO
I told you, man, Super Bowl Sunday.

FOLEY
Yeah, but I see you moved it up.

CHINO
(beat)
Why you think is today?

FOLEY
You were out running this morning, sticking to your routine, anybody happened to notice. But you only did a couple of miles instead of your usual five. Saving yourself for the main event. Then I see you inside eating ten pounds of macaroni. Carbohydrates for endurance.

Chino and Lulu exchange looks.

CHINO
You want, I tole you you can come. You all right, Foley. I like you.

FOLEY
You told me I can come 'cause I caught you digging the fuckin tunnel, saw you and Lulu coming out of the bushes, thought maybe you two were making out.

Foley smiles at Lulu who glares back at him.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
So what, you finish ahead of schedule?

Chino looks toward the fence along the front of the yard.

CHINO
You see what they doing, those posts out there? Putting up another fence, five meters on the other side of the one that's there. We wait until Super Bowl Sunday they could have the second fence built and we have to dig another nine ten days. So we going soon as it's dark. You want -- I mean it -- you can still come.

FOLEY
I appreciate the offer. And it's tempting.

Foley looks off towards the visitors' parking area, the fence not twenty yards away.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
But, man, it's a long run to civilization, a hundred miles to Miami? I'm too old to start acting crazy, try a stunt like that. You make it out, send me a postcard.

8 CUT TO: A NOTE PAD 8

Where we see someone has written "IT'S MAGIC!" then crossed out the "IT'S" and replaced it with the word "LIKE." We hear THE PHONE RING AND...

REVEAL: INT. ADELE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Miami Beach Moderne. ADELE -- mid-thirties, pretty, Foley's ex -- sits at her kitchen table writing on a pad. She grabs the phone.

ADELE
Hello?
(then, sighs)
Yeah, I accept.

9 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY 9

Foley on the phone...

FOLEY'S VOICE
Hey, Adele, how you doing?

INTERCUTTING FOLEY & ADELE:

ADELE
Hey, Bank Robber, want some advice? Next time leave the engine running.

FOLEY
That's funny, Adele. How many more times you gonna gimme that one?

ADELE
Till it's not funny anymore. What do you want, Jack?

FOLEY
You know that Super Bowl party? They changed the date. It's on <u>tonight</u>, eight-thirty.

ADELE
Didn't you tell me one time calls aren't monitored?

FOLEY
I said not as a rule.

ADELE
So why don't you come right out and tell me what you're talking about?

FOLEY
Listen to Miss Smarty Mouth. Out there in the free world.

ADELE
What's free about it? I'm looking for work.

FOLEY
What happened to Mandrake the Magician?

ADELE
Emil the Amazing. The bastard fired me and hired another girl, a redhead. I'm working on a new business card, pass out to the cafes. How's this sound—

FOLEY
(cuts her off)
Listen, Adele, the reason I called, that party is today instead of Sunday. About eight-thirty, like only a few hours from now. So you'll have to get hold of Buddy, whatever he might be doing...

ADELE
And the one driving the other car?

FOLEY
What're you talking about?

ADELE
Well, seeing as you have so much luck with cars, Buddy thought it might be better to bring two. He got this guy he says you know from Lompoc, Glenn something.

FOLEY
Glenn Michaels.

ADELE
Yeah, that's him. Buddy says Glenn thinks you guys are real cool.

FOLEY
He did, huh. Well, tell Buddy I see Glenn wearing his sunglasses I'll step on 'em. I might not even take 'em off first.

10 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 10

As MARSHALL SISCO -- fifty -- slides a small, wrapped box across a table...

MARSHALL
Happy birthday.

...to where KAREN SISCO -- twenty-eight, black suit, long hair, a knockout -- sits. She picks up the box and shakes it.

KAREN
You fit another Chanel suit in here?

MARSHALL
Something better. Open it.

Karen starts to carefully unwrap the present. Marshall watches, takes a sip of his drink, looks around the bar, sees how everyone's looking at the two of them...

KAREN
(opens the box)
Oh my God...

She pulls a gleaming automatic pistol from the box...

KAREN (CONT'D)
It's beautiful.

MARSHALL
It's a--

KAREN
--Sig-Sauer .38. I love it.

She leans across the table and kisses him.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Thanks, Dad.

MARSHALL
Happy birthday, kid.
(then)
You want another Coke?

KAREN
(checks her watch)
Can't. I gotta drive out to Glades, then I'm meeting Ray Nicolet at ten.

MARSHALL
Which one is that? The ATF guy?

KAREN
He was. Ray's with the state now, Florida Department of Law Enforcement, he switched over.

MARSHALL
He's still married though, huh?

KAREN
Technically. They're separated.

MARSHALL
Oh, he's moved out.

KAREN
He's about to.

MARSHALL
Then they're not separated, are they?

KAREN
Can we change the subject?

MARSHALL
What're you doing at Glades?

KAREN
Serving process, a Summons and Complaint. Some con doing mandatory life doesn't like macaroni and cheese. He files suit, says he has no choice in what they serve and it violates his civil rights.

MARSHALL
You know you can always step in, work with me full time as one of my investigators.

KAREN
No thanks.

MARSHALL
You used to like it.

KAREN
Dad...

MARSHALL
You'd meet doctors, lawyers - nothing wrong with them necessarily if they're divorced. Why settle for some cowboy cop who drinks too much and cheats on his wife? That's the way those hotshots are, all of 'em.

KAREN
I really gotta go.

MARSHALL
We don't get to talk much anymore.

KAREN
How 'bout I come next Sunday and watch the Super Bowl with you.

MARSHALL
I'd like that.

She gets up, kisses him again.

KAREN
Thanks for the gun, Dad.

11 INT. FOLEY'S CELL - BELLE GLADE - DAY 11

As Foley comes in, lies down on the bunk. Foley looks about the cell. All he's got to show for himself. It's now quiet on the cellblock. Foley closes his eyes and we...

12 CUT TO: EXT. PRISON AUDITORIUM 12

A few hundred CONS scream encouragement/insults as MAURICE "SNOOPY" MILLER, a lanky, scary-mean-looking black man in boxing trunks hits a white guy with a ferocious hook.

Title reads: **LOMPOC FEDERAL PENITENTIARY. LOMPOC, CALIFORNIA.** And then... **TWO YEARS AGO.**

AT THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM

where Foley leans in a doorway watching with BUDDY BRAGG black, Foley's age, shaved head.

The BELL SOUNDS and the white guy staggers to his corner, as does Maurice. GLENN MICHAELS -- surfer look, dark shades -- counts cash in Maurice's corner, whispers something into the fighter's ear.

BUDDY
Ref don't call it pretty soon, Snoopy's gonna send this guy out in a bodybag.

Foley watches a MAN -- fifties, out of place, not as hard-looking as those around him. The guy looks nervous, can feel the other cons' eyes on him as he tries to find a seat.

The BELL SOUNDS and the white boxer staggers to his feet. Maurice steps in and resumes the bloody pummeling. Foley turns and watches the fight now...

FOLEY
Anyone ever tell you why they call him Snoopy?

Buddy shakes his head. Maurice dances around the other guy now. Teases him.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
He was Maurice "Mad Dog" Miller back when he was pro. Now you pet him, he goes down.

The white guy throws a tired, loping roundhouse that barely glances off Maurice's jaw. Sure enough, Maurice makes a big show out of snapping his head back, staggering, before he finally goes down.

BUDDY
I don't believe it.

Foley watches the new inmate as fights erupt all around him and, anxious now, he tries to get out of there.

13 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY 13

Foley and Buddy sit atop a cement picnic table watching as nearby, the "winning" BOXER -- still wearing last night's pummeling on his face -- gloats to a group of cons. He throws a fake punch at one of them as he demonstrates his winning technique...

BUDDY
Guy's braggin' he won a thrown fight. Fuckin' pathetic.

Foley looks at the other side of the yard where Maurice now stands at the far side of the yard coldly watching the guy, one hand thrust into his pocket. Foley watches as Maurice stops the NEW INMATE - the older guy who looked out of place at the fights - as he comes out onto the yard.

FOLEY
It's Richard Ripley.

BUDDY
(looking now)
The Wall Street guy? Oh, yeah. I didn't recognize him without his rug.

Foley watches as Maurice talks to the new inmate, the guy nodding, acquiescent, respectful.

FOLEY
Dick the Ripper they called him, on account of all the people he ripped off.

Foley watches as Ripley now makes a note in a BLACK BOOK.

BUDDY
What's he doin' here?

GLENN (OS)
Three years.

They look to where Glenn Michaels, the blond guy in dark shades we saw in Maurice's corner, works out on the bench press a few feet away. He's shirtless, tan, in shape.

GLENN
He got three years and fined fifty million dollars and wrote 'em a fucking check. Like that, fifty mil, signed his name.
(struggles with the bar)
Whoa- little help here!

FOLEY
Who you talkin' to, Studs? Me, or Buddy. I can't tell, you got those shades on.

GLENN
You guys-- come on-- this is too heavy!

FOLEY
I guess the bright glare out here made it hard to see the numbers on the weights.

GLENN
I'll take the shades off. Just get this fuckin thing off me.

Foley helps him get the bar up. Glenn sits up.

BUDDY
How do you know he wrote a check?

GLENN
He told me. He works the laundry with me. The guy loves to talk.

FOLEY
Yeah, to the U.S. Attorney. I hear he rolled over on all the snitches he was doing business with and got 'em all brought up.

He watches Snoopy talking to Ripley, one eye always on the swaggering boxer across the yard, one hand in his pocket.

GLENN
Hey, anybody that can write a check for fifty mil, he says *anything* I'm all fucking ears. Like the other day, he tells me how he's got all this money in foreign banks, plus around five mil in uncut diamonds at his house. He said, quote, `Where I can put my hands on it anytime.'

BUDDY
Cool. Where's the guy live?

Foley watches a few more of Maurice's friends surround Ripley. Again Ripley takes out his black book, starts nodding, making notations...

GLENN
Detroit. Snoopy Miller told me uncut diamonds are as easy to move as cash.

FOLEY
Ever seen an uncut diamond, Studs? They look like plain old rocks.

GLENN
So. What's your point?

FOLEY
My point is, that's probably what you're gonna end up with.

GLENN
You think he's lying?

FOLEY
Use your head. The guy's got five million lying around his house, you really think he's gonna tell some motormouth he just met in prison about it?

A BELL SOUNDS. Everyone starts walking for the gate.

Foley watches as the Boxer and his crew head for the gate, Maurice still standing there with his hand in his pocket.

SLOW MOTION AS the boxer gets to the gate, sees Maurice who moves to him now, smiling like he's so glad to see him... his left hand clapping the guy on the back, saying something like congratulations as now his right hand comes out of his pocket and we see the long metal shiv—

BUDDY
(watching Snoopy)
Here it comes.

Maurice wraps his left arm around the boxer's shoulder and hugs him tight for a moment, then quickly moves away. The Boxer stands there like a statue, doesn't move until he's at last jostled from behind and his legs fold and he drops to the cement.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
I guess the Snoop doesn't like to lose, even if it's on purpose.

We hear a WHISTLE BLOW as a GUARD spots the body. And now everyone moves like hell for the gate... except for...

Richard Ripley who stands there frozen, staring down at the body.

Foley glances back at the approaching guards, casually takes Ripley by the arm as he passes, leads him away from there, talks to him as they walk into the block...

FOLEY
You don't wanna be standing there, the hacks start asking questions you don't wanna answer.

RIPLEY
Oh, uh, right, thanks...

Foley then moves away. He sees Maurice looking back at him, giving him a hard stare just before he melts into the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. FOLEY'S CELL - BELLE GLADE - DAY (NOW) 14

He lies there another moment when...

A PAIR OF LEGS Swings down over the side from the top bunk. Foley's CELLMATE jumps down, walks the three feet or so to the TOILET, casually pulls down his pants and starts to go to the bathroom. Foley shakes his head and turns away...

15 EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY 15

As BUDDY walks up to a Cadillac Sedan DeVille Concours pulling a slim-jim from the back of his pants, about to jimmy the door when he sees...

A WOMAN -- middle-aged, wearing pearls and high heels -- come out of the Winn Dixie pushing a grocery cart full of groceries.

Buddy sticks the jimmy back in his pants, waits until the woman is opening her trunk before coming forward...

BUDDY
Here, lemme help you with those, ma'am.

She doesn't seem too sure about it, but lets him load the groceries in the trunk and take the key out of the lock.

WOMAN
I didn't ask for your help, so don't expect a tip.

Buddy smiles, waves her off.

BUDDY
That's okay, ma'am. I'll just take your car.

She stands there stupidly as he gets in and drives off.

16 INT. CHAPEL - DUSK 16

In the midst of a remodel. As door opens and Pup comes in. Foley puts a finger to his lips...

FOLEY
They're right underneath you, Pup. They dug a tunnel.

Foley watches Pup creep up the aisle toward the front of the chapel, eyes on the floor, listening...

PUP
I don't hear 'em. Where's the tunnel come out?

Pup turns his back, walks up the aisle and across the front of the pews to a window.

FOLEY
Second fence post from the tower out there. Go on, take a look.

As Pup stares out the window...

PUP
I don't see nothing there.

Foley reaches down into a pew where's stashed a FOUR-FOOT CRUCIFIX. He picks it up, starts up the aisle...

FOLEY
You will directly. Keep watching...

17 INT. KAREN SISCO'S CAR - NIGHT 17

As the highbeams from her car show the prison parking area, then the fence strung with razor wire. Karen parks near the fence, lights a cigarette and dials her car phone.

KAREN
Hi. Karen Sisco again for Ray Nicolet.
(beat)
He's not? Could you tell him that...
never mind. I'll call back.

Headlights hit Karen's rearview mirror, a car pulling in behind her. The lights go off, then come on again. She adjusts the mirror to deflect the glare.

18 INT. THE CAR BEHIND HER - SAME 18

As Buddy sits watching the cons come in from the athletic field. He sees the mirror flash in the car in front of him as Karen checks her face out in the rearview.

19 INT. CHAPEL - SAME 19

As Foley moves up behind Pup, lets his jacket fall to the floor, holds the crucifix down against his leg.

PUP
There some car headlights out there...
(then)
Jesus Christ...

Now he pulls his radio from his belt, says into it...

PUP (CONT'D)
Man outside the fence! By tower six!
(responds to radio)
This is Officer Pupko...
(then)
I'm looking at him, for Christ's sake!

Okay-- now Foley raises the metal cross, steps in and lays it smack against the side of Pup's head. Drops him clean with one swing, bouncing him off the window frame and down without a sound coming from him.

20 INT. KAREN SISCO'S CAR - SAME 20

As Karen grabs the court papers off the seat, opens her car door, glances at the fence and pauses as she sees A FIGURE there, crouching down.

Karen turns on her headlights. No, not crouched. The guy is *coming out of the ground*. On *this* side of the fence.

Head and shoulders appear and another guy comes out of the ground. Right in front of her.

Karen leans on the horn, holds it down and sees the two guys by the fence -- Chino and Lulu -- look into her headlights, poised there for a moment before taking off into the dark. Karen gets out of the car...

21 INT. BUDDY'S CAR - SAME 21

As Buddy watches a SPOTLIGHT from the tower come on and follow the two cons as we then hear the sound of RIFLE REPORTS before the men disappear into the dark.

Then Buddy sees Karen in his headlights, whistles softly as he gets a good look at her long legs as she raises the lid to her trunk...

BUDDY
What's she doing?

He watches her duck her head in the trunk and come out with a holstered pistol.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

But then she throws the pistol in the trunk, ducks in there again and comes out this time racking a shotgun.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

And now Buddy watches her hurry to the front of her car and raise the shotgun as we hear A WHISTLE BLOW IN THE COMPOUND. Buddy gets out of the car...

22 EXT. PARKING AREA - SAME 22

As Karen puts the shotgun on two more cons, both filthy dirty, standing by the hole they just crawled out of.

KAREN
Get your hands in the air!

Buddy watches the two cons, both Latins, make up their minds, start edging away -- shit, they've come this far.

They look out at the spotlight sweeping around in the dark, then look the other way, along the fence towards the main gate, to see armed hacks coming out on the run, and that decides it for the cons. They take off running...

Now Buddy watches as Karen puts her pump gun on them, but doesn't fire...

The hacks running from the gate with rifles beat her to it, open up all at once and keep firing until the two convicts are cut down as they run.

The hacks glance at Karen, but don't bother with her, more interested in the hole the convicts had come out of. Now they're standing by it peering in, edging closer with their weapons ready, then they all step back at once, bump into each other as...

A head appears wearing a guard's baseball cap, the guy now saying something to the guards, his face smeared with muck, excited, pointing towards the orange grove.

They run off, pausing briefly to kick the convicts they shot to see if they're alive, then keep going.

The man in the hole, Foley, climbs out. He takes his time, puts on a show, standing with his hands on his hips like an honest-to-God hack, that serious cap down on his eyes.

Buddy waves to Foley to come on and Karen turns and puts the shotgun on Buddy. Buddy raises the palm of his hand...

BUDDY
It's okay, honey, we're good guys.

KAREN
What're you doing here?

Not so much asking, but putting it to him the way cops do when they're already pretty sure what you're doing. She glances around to include Foley, now coming at her like some creature out of the swamp, giving Buddy time to take her around the neck.

She fights him, jabs him in the gut with the butt end of the shotgun before Foley wrenches it from her grip.

They drag her to the rear end of her car, the trunk lid still up, and crouch there as some hacks come running along the fence, past the dark gun tower and cross the road toward the orange grove. A moment later they hear bursts of GUNFIRE, then silence.

FOLEY
I bet that's all the hacks they send out. Otherwise nobody's left to mind the store.

BUDDY
Why don't we talk about it later.

He turns to see Foley and Karen staring at each other in the headlights from Buddy's car; Karen not at all afraid.

FOLEY
Why you're just a girl. What do you do for a living you pack a shotgun?

KAREN
I'm a federal marshal and you're under arrest, both of you guys.

Foley keeps staring at her like he's giving the situation serious thought, but what he says is...

FOLEY
I bet I smell, don't I?
(then)
Listen, you hop in the trunk and we'll get out of here.

Karen looks at him, then gets up, climbs into the trunk. She's reaching around, trying to find her pistol when...

Foley gives her a shove and gets in with her, wedging her against the wall of the trunk, pressing against her back like they're cuddled up in bed.

He holds her to him, giving her no room to turn and stick the gun in his face. Buddy reaches for the trunk lid and then everything goes...

23 BLACK 23

Total darkness, not a crack or a pinpoint of light showing. Then we hear the engine come to life, the car moving along.

FOLEY (VO)
You comfy?

KAREN (VO)
If I could have a little more room.

FOLEY (VO)
There isn't any. I'm sorry if I smell like a sewer, it's all that muck I had to crawl through.

We hear some movement in the trunk, then...

FOLEY (VO) (CONT'D)
You sure have a lot of shit in here. What's all this stuff? Handcuffs, chains... what's this can?

KAREN (VO)
For your breath. You could use it. Squirt some in your mouth.

FOLEY (VO)
You devil, it's Mace, huh? What've you got here, a billy? Use it on poor unfortunate offenders.

A BEAM OF LIGHT appears as he finds a flashlight and turns it on. He plays the beam along Karen's leg...

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Where's your gun, your pistol?

KAREN
In my bag, in the car.

They go over some bumps. We hear MEN'S VOICES from somewhere far off, outside.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You know you don't have a chance of making it. Guards are out here already, they'll stop the car.

He runs his hand down her thigh, looking for her gun, but also, just, well, looking.

FOLEY
They're off in the cane by now chasing Cubans. I timed it to slip between the cracks, you might say. Boy it stunk in there.

KAREN
I believe it. You've ruined a thirty-five-hundred-dollar suit my dad gave me.

FOLEY
I bet you look great in it, too. I gotta say it's nice to be with someone smells good for a change. What's that perfume you got on, it's nice.

KAREN
(beat)
It's called *Defiance*.

FOLEY
I like it. Tell me why in the world you ever became a federal marshal?

KAREN
The idea of going after guys like you appealed to me.

FOLEY
Guys like me, huh. Well, listen, even though I've been celibate the last six months, I'm not gonna force myself on you. I've never done that in my life.

KAREN
You wouldn't have time anyway. We come to a roadblock, they'll run the car, find out in five seconds who it belongs to.

FOLEY
If they get set up in time, which I doubt. Even if they do they'll be
(MORE)

FOLEY (CONT'D)
looking for a buncha little Latin fellas, not a big black guy driving a Chevy.

KAREN
Must be quite a pal, risk his own ass like this.

More bumps. Then picking up speed as the road smooths out.

FOLEY
Who, Buddy? Yeah. He's a good guy.

KAREN
Buddy. That's his given name?

FOLEY
(woops, beat)
One I gave him, yeah.

KAREN
Well, what's yours? It'll be in the paper tomorrow anyway.

FOLEY
Jack Foley. You've probably heard of me.

KAREN
Why, are you famous?

FOLEY
Time I was convicted in California? FBI told me I'd robbed more banks than anyone in the computer.

KAREN
How many was that?

FOLEY
Tell you the truth, I don't know.

KAREN
How long you been doing it?

FOLEY
Well, going back, twenty, twenty-five years, subtract nine years state and federal time, starting with Angola.

KAREN
Angola. That's a hard fall.

FOLEY
I was eighteen, driving for my Uncle Cully and his partner, Gus. They go into a bank in Slidell, Gus jumps the counter to get to the tellers and breaks his leg. All three of us went up.

KAREN
That's funny.

FOLEY
I thought so, too.

KAREN
It was me, I woulda left ol' Gus on the floor.

FOLEY
I believe you would have. Then my other fall, I did seven years at Lompoc. And I don't mean the place next door where some of Nixon's people went. The one they used to call Club Fed. No fence. No shanks. The worst that could happen to you, some guy hits you over the head with a tennis racquet.

KAREN
I know the difference. You were in Lompoc USP, the federal penitentiary. I've delivered people there.

FOLEY
Handcuffed to some moron?

KAREN
We have our own plane. It still isn't any fun. So that's nine years, Angola and Lompoc. Add county time awaiting hearings...

FOLEY
And that hole we just left, that's more than a decade of correctional living. I'm forty-years-old and I'm not doing any more time.

KAREN
You're sure about that?

FOLEY
If I go back I do a full thirty years, no time off. Can you imagine looking at that?

KAREN
I don't have to. I don't rob banks.

FOLEY
If it turns out I get shot like a dog, it'll be in the street, not off a goddamn fence.

KAREN
You must see yourself as some kind of Clyde Barrow.

And for a few moments, all we hear is the sound of the car on the road. Then...

FOLEY
Oh, you mean of Bonnie and Clyde? Hm. You ever see pictures of him, the way he wore his hat? You could tell he had that don't-give-a-shit air about him.

KAREN
I don't recall his hat, but I've seen pictures of him lying dead, shot by Texas Rangers. Did you know he didn't have his shoes on?

FOLEY
Is that right?

KAREN
They put a hundred and eighty-seven bullet holes in Clyde, Bonnie Parker and the car they were driving. Bonnie was eating a sandwich.

FOLEY
You're full of interesting facts, aren't you?

KAREN
It was May, 1934, near Gibsland, Louisiana.

FOLEY
That part in the movie where they get shot? Warren Beatty and... I can't think of her name.

KAREN
Faye Dunaway.

FOLEY
Yeah, I liked her in that movie about TV...

KAREN
Network. Yeah, she was good.

FOLEY
And the guy saying he wasn't gonna take any more shit from anybody...

KAREN
Peter Finch.

FOLEY
Yeah, right. Anyway, that scene where Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway get shot? I remember thinking at the time it wouldn't be a bad way to go, if you have to.

KAREN
Bleeding on a country road.

FOLEY
It wasn't pretty after, no, but if you were in that car -- eating a sandwich -- you wouldn't have known what hit you.

We HEAR FAINT SIRENS OS...

24 INT. CAR - SAME TIME 24

Buddy rifles Karen's purse while he drives. He looks up from her badge and I.D. case as he sees FLASHING LIGHTS approach from the opposite direction. He stays cool as the green and whites get closer... closer... then fly right on past.

25 INT. TRUNK - SAME 25

As the SIRENS SCREAM AT US FOR A MOMENT, then FADE.

FOLEY
You're sure easy to talk to. I wonder -- say we met under different circumstances and got to talking, say you were in a bar and I came up to you -- I wonder what would happen.

KAREN
Nothing.

FOLEY
I mean if you didn't know who I was.

KAREN
You'd probably tell me.

FOLEY
I'm just saying I think if we met under different circumstances...

KAREN
You have to be kidding.

Silence. Foley tries to get back to where it was working...

FOLEY
Another one Faye Dunaway was in I liked, *Three Days of the Condor.*

KAREN
With Robert Redford, when he was young.

FOLEY
Yeah...

Now we can hear THE CAR SLOWING DOWN, coasting, then bumping along the shoulder of the road to a stop. We hear the door open, then...

BUDDY (OS)
You still alive in there?

26 EXT. OVERPASS 26

And the trunk lid raises so that we see Karen and Foley lying in the back. Foley gets out. Karen doesn't move.

FOLEY (OS)
Where in the hell are we?

BUDDY
That's the turnpike up there. Glenn's waiting with the other car.

FOLEY
Okay, honey, come on out of there.

Karen pushes off, rolls from her right side to her left, brings up her Sig Sauer in both hands to put it on them, both standing in the opening, in the dark, but right there.

KAREN
Get your hands up and turn around. *Now.*

FOLEY
Shit...

Foley brings the lid down, he and Buddy moving in opposite directions as she begins firing from the inside...

Buddy and Foley hook up again in front of the car. We can see they're beneath an overpass. Foley stares at the trunk.

BUDDY
We may as well leave her, we're leaving the car and we gotta leave her someplace anyway, what's the difference where?

FOLEY
She's coming with us.

Foley walks to the passenger seat, reaches in the window.

BUDDY
Jesus Christ, what were you doing in there?

FOLEY
Get the shotgun. And her purse. I'd like to know who she is.

Foley takes her wallet, looks at her drivers license photo.

BUDDY
I already looked. Her name is Karen Sisco. Like the Cisco Kid only spelled different, S-i-s-c-o.

A Sheriff's green-and-white goes screaming past and they keep to the narrow space between the car and the concrete abutment of the overpass. When the road quiets down, Foley moves to the trunk and bangs on it once with his fist...

FOLEY
Karen? Be a good girl now, you hear? Now, I'm gonna open the--

Foley jumps at the sound of a pistol shot.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
You're putting holes in your car!

He looks up to see Buddy holding her shotgun, staring at him. He settles down, then...

FOLEY (CONT'D)
We're not leaving you. I'm gonna open the trunk enough for you to throw the gun out. Okay? You shoot-- Buddy's got your shotgun, says he'll shoot back if you do and I can't stop him. So it's up to you.

Foley puts his hand out and Buddy, still looking at him funny, gives him the keys.

VOICE
Hey!

Coming from somewhere above them.

VOICE (CONT'D)
It's me, Glenn.

Foley steps out into the open, Buddy close behind him. They look up to see a figure, head and shoulders against the evening sky, leaning on the concrete overpass rail. We can see his long blond hair falling beside his face, now half-concealed behind dark sunglases.

GLENN
Hey, Jack, good to see you, man. The fuck're you guys shooting at?

Foley looks at Buddy.

FOLEY
Do we need him?

BUDDY
The green-and-whites saw us. One of 'em starts thinking, What's that car doing there? Ties it to the break and turns around...

Foley thinks about it, then looks up at the overpass again.

FOLEY
Oh, hey, Studs? We thought you were somebody else.

GLENN
Studs. Man, I haven't heard that since Lompoc. What's going on?

FOLEY
Oh, nuthin'.

Foley shakes his head, then walks back to the Chevy and bangs on the trunk.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
You coming out?

Foley sticks the key in the lock as Buddy steps up to the trunk and racks the pump on the shotgun. Foley leans close to the metal...

FOLEY (CONT'D)
You hear that?

He turns the key and raises the lid. Karen, hunched in there, extends her arm, her hand holding the Sig Sauer by the barrel.

KAREN
You win, Jack.

"Jack." Buddy gives him another funny look.

27 EXT. TOP OF OVERPASS - NIGHT 27

As Glenn removes a note stuck in the side window of a stolen Audi that reads "GONE TO GET GAS."

FOLEY
Have your clothes cleaned and send me the bill.

Glenn looks over as the three of them reach the top of the grade, move through the scrub. Glenn leans against the car, flashers blinking.

KAREN
I'll send it to you at Glades.

GLENN
Jesus, what'd you crawl through, a sewer?

FOLEY
Take your sunglasses off.

GLENN
I see better with them on.

FOLEY
You don't take 'em off, I'm gonna throw 'em off the overpass while they're still on your head.

Glenn shrugs, takes them off and sticks them in his jeans.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Wait in the car.

GLENN
You're in civilization now, man, ease up.

FOLEY
I'd like you to go wait in the car. How's that? Take her with you and put her in back.

GLENN
In the trunk?

FOLEY
The backseat.

Foley stares at him, waiting. Glenn motions to Karen...

GLENN
Come on, I have to do what I'm told.

She walks past Foley without looking at him.

FOLEY
Wait a minute. Let me have your raincoat.
(looks at Buddy)
Somebody forgot to bring me clean clothes.

BUDDY
I brought 'em, they're back at Glades in the Cadillac. You wanted to take her car.

KAREN
You can blame me if you want. I don't mind.

He doesn't say anything as Glenn takes off the raincoat, folds it up, then throws it at Foley's feet.

GLENN
Here you are, sir.

Foley watches as Glenn gets his sunglasses out, puts them back on and takes Karen by the arm.

BUDDY
What's wrong with you?

Karen looks over at Foley, then ducks her head and gets in the backseat.

FOLEY
Why you brought Glenn into this, I'll never know.

BUDDY
How 'bout the score was his idea to begin with?

FOLEY
His idea? Gimme a break. Fuckin guy's got a vacant lot for a head. Was you and me, figured the whole thing out.

Buddy watches Foley struggle with the buttons on the uniform, all of them caked with muck.

BUDDY
You're pulling at it. Here...

He lays the shotgun in the grass and comes up, takes the guard shirt in his two hands and rips it open, popping buttons and tearing the shirt.

FOLEY
I don't know why, but every time he opens his mouth I want to punch him out.

BUDDY
He ain't the problem, Jack.

Foley looks at him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
You wanna pull your head outta your ass and tell me why we're bringing her with us?

28 INT. CAR - SAME 28

As Karen watches Glenn get into the car, sees him as the dome light comes on for a second or two before he closes the door. He half turns, laying his arm along the top of the seats, runs his hand through his hair...

GLENN
...if he thinks he can talk to me like that. Shit, I don't even know what I need them for.

Karen leans forward to have a look, sees Foley and Buddy against the dark foliage.

GLENN (CONT'D)
I got a big score lined up up north. They wouldn't even know about it, it wasn't for me. I could do it right now myself, except it's so fucking cold up there in January--

KAREN
Glenn?

His head turns so that we can see his designer shades.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You don't remember me, do you?

GLENN
(beat)
It couldn't have been out at Glades, if that's what you're thinking. I was never out there.

KAREN
No, that's not what I'm thinking.

He raises his hand, strokes his hair away from his face.

GLENN
But you're sure we've met, huh?

KAREN
Last fall, I drove you from the Palm Beach county jail to the federal courthouse, twice. You're Glenn Michaels.
(then)
I never forget anyone I've cuffed and shackled.

He doesn't move or say a word, staring at her now like he's been turned to stone.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Let's think for a minute, Glenn, see if we can work this out...

He turns away, all the way around to look straight ahead...

KAREN (CONT'D)
Do we have a gun in the car?

GLENN
I remember you now. Shit.

KAREN
Foley's not going to make it. And if he goes down, Glenn, you go with him.

She touches his shoulder and he jumps.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Look, I can understand if you and Foley are close.

GLENN
We're not. I'm helping him, yeah--

KAREN
Wait. *Have* you helped him, Glenn? At this point, technically, I doubt you could be charged with aiding a fugitive. So you still have a choice. You can help him and risk going down again, get cuffed and shackled, hope to God you pull a reasonable judge, not some hard-on. Or, if you want to play it another way...

She pauses. He turns and looks at her.

GLENN
Like how?

29 EXT. OVERPASS - SAME 29

Foley watches a car pass on the highway.

BUDDY
You want to take her to my place and get cleaned up? You come out of the bathroom with your after-shave on and she goes, `Oh, I had you all wrong'?

FOLEY
I want to talk to her again, that's all. See what would happen under, you know, normal circumstances.

BUDDY
You're too late, Jack.

Foley doesn't say anything. Just takes a deep breath as we HEAR THE CAR START and they both look over...

BUDDY (CONT'D)
He wants to get out of here and I don't blame him.

They start towards the car. Then stop and watch as it takes off, tires squealing as the rubber hits pavement. Their backs to us, they stand there watching the tailights until they're out of sight down the turnpike, neither of them saying a word.

We hear SQUEAKY FOOTSTEPS OVER...

30 CUT TO: A CORRIDOR IN LOMPOC FPC 30

As Maurice Miller and his "man" -- a big black bulk named HIMEY - strut purposefully up the hall. They step into...

31 THE PRISON LIBRARY 31

Where Richard Ripley sits at one of the tables reading a big coffee-table book called "THE WARM WORLD OF TROPICAL FISH."

MAURICE
Dick. My man.

Ripley looks up as Maurice and Himey come strolling into the library, sit down on either side of a now very anxious Ripley.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
I got your fishies for you.

He sets a small ziploc with TWO TINY FISH INSIDE down on the table.

RIPLEY
(reaches for them)
Thank you...

MAURICE
(pulls them back)
Not so fast, Dick.
(off Ripley's look)
Starting now, they's gonna be an across the board cost a living increase.

RIPLEY
What?

MAURICE
Year ago, I come in here on credit card fraud, but after I shanked that loudmouth pussy on the yard the other day, my Dunn & Broadstreet, as it were, has gone way the fuck up.

RIPLEY
Dunn & Bradstreet.

MAURICE
Whoever. The point is, prices are goin' up, too. Better get your little black book out, Richard. We got some business to talk about.

Ripley sighs, takes out his black book and opens it.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Let's start with the fish. They was two grand, but now they's three.

Ripley looks at the two tiny fish in the bag.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
That whitening toothpaste you asked for is gonna be eighty bucks and that extra pillow's gonna be an even three c's.

VOICE
Hey.

They all look to where...

JACK FOLEY

Sits at the far end of the table, reading a thick manual of some kind. Himey gives him a mean stare. Foley points to a sign that says "QUIET, PLEASE."

FOLEY
Sign says "Shut the fuck up." Or can't you assholes read?"

MAURICE
(beat)
There a problem, Foley?

FOLEY
Yeah...

Foley shuts the big book -- CHILTON'S AUTO REPAIR.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Yeah, I got a problem. This is the dumbest fucking shakedown in the history of dumb shakedowns. Three hundred bucks for a pillow?

MAURICE
That's right.

FOLEY
Must be a real soft pillow.

MAURICE
Faux goose down.

FOLEY
How much for your company at chow?

MAUICE
Company, shit. I watch the man's back.

FOLEY
I bet. How much?

MAURICE
Another C.

Foley shakes his head, turns to Ripley.

FOLEY
You're smart, Ripley, you'll tell this guy to fuck off.

RIPLEY
Really?

FOLEY
First of all, if he kills you, he's not gonna get any more money out of you.

Ripley looks at Maurice: Good point.

MAURICE
Man doesn't have to get killed. He could accidentally fall on something sharp. Get hurt real bad.

Ripley turns back to Foley now: Also a good point.

FOLEY
You stick a shiv in this guy, Snoop, or even cut him up just a litle bit, they're gonna transfer his ass outta here and you're still gonna end up with nothing.

Ripley nods, takes this in.

MAURICE
This doesn't concern you, Foley. Why don't you go on out to the yard, have yourself a smoke.

FOLEY
I don't smoke.

HIMEY
(slowly rising)
You heard the man. Go on outta here.

Foley doesn't move, just gives the guy a bored once over.

MAURICE
Himey here's a pro-toh-jay of mine. He's ranked number thirty-two in the federal prison system.

FOLEY
(looking at Himey)
Thirty-two outta what, twenty?

HIMEY
(hurt)
Don't you talk like that.

FOLEY
Siddown, sunshine, fore you get hurt.

Foley turns back to his book. Himey bulldozes foward, pulling his massive fist back to clock Foley in the head when...

...in one swift motion Foley brings his book up in one hand, like he's throwing a pie, and drives the hefty repair manual into Himey's face, snapping the big guy's head back, sending his feet flying out from under him so that he hits the floor back-first with a loud thud.

RIPLEY
Ow...

Before a dazed Himey can sit up. Foley brings his metal chair over and sets it down so that the cross-brace rests on Himey's neck. Foley then sits down facing the back of the chair so that he's looking down at Himey's now-choking face.

FOLEY
Whatta you wanna do, Himey? You wanna eat your tongue, die right here on the floor? Or you wanna grow up to throw some fights like your trainer over there?

HIMEY
(choking)
I wanna grow up to throw some fights.

FOLEY
That's what I thought.

Foley gets off the chair. Himey rolls over coughing. Foley then looks at Maurice who throws up his hands...

MAURICE
Can't we all just get along?

FOLEY
Get outta here

Maurice and Foley consider each other across the room. For a moment, nobody moves. Himey groans and Maurice finally pushes away from the table.

RIPLEY
Excuse me. Snoopy?
(looks at Foley)
It's still two grand for the fish, right?

MAURICE
(looks at Foley)
Yeah. Sure.

He then spins and throws the ziploc as hard as he can against the wall. The bag explodes.

RIPLEY
No-- wait!

Ripley gets up, scrapes one of the now-flattened fish off the wall as Maurice walks out with a flattened Himey...

MAURICE
Nigga, how many times I gotta tell you, keep your fuckin chin down...

As Maurice leads Himey away, we hear a PHONE RING and then...

32 CUT TO: MAURICE MILLER'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - (NOW) 32

As Maurice lies in bed watching a boxing match on television.

MAURICE
Stick and jab, fool. Stick and jab.

A frisbee whizzes past the television. We hear A DOG YELP OS.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Hey! Watch that shit!

Maurice's girlfriend MOSELLE - about thirty, sleepy-eyed, in a green bathrobe - picks the frisbee up off the floor as THE PHONE RINGS AWAY on the bedtable right next to Maurice.

MOSELLE
(calls OS)
Tuffy. C'mere, boy...

MAURICE
You gonna answer the phone?

MOSELLE
What for? It's not for me.

Maurice watches as Moselle now tries to throw the frisbee to a little wire-haired terrier, but it just bounces off the dog's head.

MOSELLE (CONT'D)
Bad dog.

MAURICE
(scoops up the dog)
Moselle, the fuck are you doing to my little Tuffy?

He lovingly nuzzles the dog like it's his child.

MOSELLE
I'm trainin' Tuffy, so he can be on a Kal Kan commercial, make us some extra money.

He looks at her.

MAURICE
That's the dumbest thing I heard in my life. Everybody knows Kal Kan doesn't pay for shit. You gonna get a gig, it's gotta be for one of the big three: Science Diet, Iams or that Cycle shit for the fat dogs. Now answer the fuckin phone.

She comes over, picks up the phone.

MOSELLE
Hello?

(MORE)

MOSELLE (CONT'D)
(hands it to Maurice)
For you.

MAURICE
(takes it)
This is me.

33 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - GAS STATION - NIGHT 33

An antsy Glenn with his shades on talks on the phone.

GLENN
Snoopy. Glenn Michaels.

INTERCUTTING GLENN & MAURICE:

MAURICE
Studs. Hey, son, you must be one a them psychic friends. I was just thinkin' about you.

Glenn watches as some guy in a suit gets out of a black Lincoln Town Car and jogs to the john.

GLENN
Listen, Snoopy, I'm on my way up to Detroit and need a place to crash.

MAURICE
You crazy, come up here? It's fuckin one degree outside.

GLENN
I wanna talk to you about a job.

MAURICE
Uh-huh.

GLENN
I can't really go into it right now. I'll just tell you it's someone big.

MAURICE
Someone? Gimme a hint.

GLENN
It's a guy you know.

MAURICE
Gimme another hint.

GLENN
It's Richard Ripley.

Maurice doesn't say a word.

GLENN (CONT'D)
You there?

MAURICE
Oh, I'm here all right. I'm very here. Question is, why aren't you here?

34 EXT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - SOMEWHERE IN FLORIDA - NIGHT 34

As Foley and Buddy hurry up the front steps.

FOLEY
I'm just saying she wasn't scared.

BUDDY
Cause she had her hand on her gun the whole time, waiting to make her move.

Buddy opens the door, looks at Foley.

FOLEY
You're just jealous it was me in the trunk with her and not you.

BUDDY
You're right.

35 INT. BUDDYS APARTMENT - NIGHT 35

A "hideout." Not much in the way of furnishings. Foley follows Buddy inside, watches as he bolts the door.

FOLEY
First thing I'm gonna do is get all this mud off me.

Foley starts for the bathroom.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
I've been dreaming about a hot bath for the last six months. Soak the prison off me.

BUDDY
There's some lilac oil, you want some, a vanilla candle under the sink.

FOLEY
Oh, man.

BUDDY
There's something about a nice hot bath, transforms a person. It's not just about opening up your pores, know what I mean? There's just something about the heat and the wet that's
(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)
calming you know? Settles me in a way that I really can't articulate.

FOLEY
I know exactly what you mean. It's just a feeling.
(beat)
You know, I could go for some wine tonight.

BUDDY
There's a store around the corner, I'll be right back.

FOLEY
Sounds great.

Foley goes into the bathroom. A moment later WE HEAR THE BATH RUNNING.

36 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME 36

As Buddy leaves the apartment, starts down the hall, KAREN STEPS INTO FRAME, watches as he disappears down the stairs. Gun drawn, she then moves towards the apartment.

37 INT. BATHROOM - SAME 37

As Foley undresses, picks up a candle off the sink and smells it. He notices his nude image in the mirror and checks himself out.

38 INT. APARTMENT - SAME 38

As Karen slips the door. She looks around, HEARS THE WATER RUNNING.

She racks the slide on her gun, snicks off the safety and starts for the bathroom. Suddenly, THE WATER IS TURNED OFF. She stops where she is. She then moves a careful step at a time towards the open doorway...

Gradually the tub comes into view, beginning with Foley's feet resting crossed on the other end, then the middle of the tub, then she's in the doorway, looking down at...

Foley, lying there in the tub, his eyes closed. Karen cuts her eyes down the length of him, taking a moment here to check him out, long enough for Foley to open his eyes and grab her hand, the one holding the gun.

FOLEY
Hey.

They look at each other a moment. He then pulls her down to him and kisses her. She kisses him back. He then pulls her into the tub with him as we now hear...

MARSHALL SISCO (VO)
Karen...?

39 CUT TO: KAREN 39

As she opens her eyes.

KAREN
What?

REVEAL: A HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Flowers everywhere. Karen -- bruises on her face -- lies in bed. Her father, Marshall, sits on the chair beside her.

MARSHALL
You were talking in your sleep.

KAREN
(beat)
What'd I say?

MARSHALL
"Hey, yourself."

KAREN
Huh.

We hear A KNOCK at the door. They look to where Special Agent DANIEL BURDON -- black, forties, expensive suit -- stands in the doorway, file in one hand.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Hello, Daniel.

BURDON
(to Marshall)
Daniel Burdon, FBI.

MARSHALL
Marshall Sisco. Karen's Dad.

BURDON
You mind please waiting outside. We have some business to do here.

Marshall looks at him a moment. Then, to Karen...

MARSHALL
I need to go to the john anyway.

Burdon waits for Marshall to walk out, then sits down.

BURDON
Tell me how you got the bump on your head.

KAREN
(indicates file)
Isn't that my report you're holding onto?

BURDON
Yes, but, I want to hear you tell it. Starting with when you tried to grab the wheel -- where was this?

KAREN
Coming to the Okeechobee exit...

And now we see it...

40 INSIDE THE CAR 40

Going over a hundred miles per hour, blowing past cars...

KAREN
Take the next exit.

GLENN
What am I supposed to do now?

KAREN
Glenn, take the exit.

GLENN
No way, man, no fuckin way am I gonna turn myself in.

She reaches over and grabs the wheel.

GLENN (CONT'D)
The fuck are you doing?!

He hits the brakes. The car goes off the road, down the grade, the abutment coming right at us as we go back to...

41 THE HOSPITAL ROOM 41

As Burdon sets the file down, sits back now.

KAREN
The next thing I knew, the paramedics were taking me out of the car.

Burdon looks at Karen a moment, then...

BURDON
There's a couple of points I keep wondering about have to do with the two guys that grabbed you. Buddy is it? And this fella Jack Foley. I swear the man must've robbed two hundred banks in his time.

KAREN
Really? Huh. He told me he didn't remember how many he robbed.

BURDON
You talked to him?

KAREN
In the trunk, yeah.

BURDON
What'd you talk about?

KAREN
Oh... different things, prison, movies.

BURDON
This fella holds you hostage, you talk about movies?

KAREN
It was an unusual experience.

BURDON
Foley made me think of that fella Carl Tillman, the one you were seeing, it turns out the same time he was doing banks. You recall that?

KAREN
When I was seeing Carl Tillman, I didn't know he robbed banks.

BURDON
Yeah, but I had enough reason to believe he did, and I told you. So you had to at least suspect him.

KAREN
And what happened to Carl?

BURDON
The time came, you shot him. But you didn't shoot Foley or the guy with him. They're unarmed, you had a shotgun and you let them throw you in the trunk. Okay, now you got your Sig in your
(MORE)

BURDON (CONT'D)
hand. You say in the report you couldn't turn around, he had you pinned down. But when the trunk opened, how come you didn!t cap the two guys then?

KAREN
Is that what you would've done?

BURDON
You say in the report Glenn didn't have a gun, but you let him get away, too.

KAREN
Daniel, what do you work on most of the time, fraud? Go after crooked bookkeepers.

BURDON
Karen, I've been with the Bureau fifteen years, on all kinds of investigations.

KAREN
Have you ever shot a man? How many times have you been primary through the door?

BURDON
I have to qualify, is that it?

KAREN
You have to know what you're talking about.

We hear CHUCKLING OS. Burdon glances at the doorway where we see Marshall now standing, enjoying this.

BURDON
We'll talk another time, Karen. All right? I'd like to know why Foley put you in that second car when he didn't need you anymore.

KAREN
You'll have to ask him.

BURDON
Sounds to me like he liked having you around. I'll see you, Karen. Mr. Sisco.

MARSHALL
Agent Burdon.

Marshall waits for him to walk out...

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
The white man's Burdon. That's what everybody calls him in Miami. The Metro-Dade guys. He's got a knack for pissing people off.

She's not listening. He sits down, takes her hand...

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
What are you thinking about?

KAREN
The Sig Sauer you got me for my birthday.

MARSHALL
Tell you what, you're a good girl, you might get another one for Christmas.

She looks at him.

KAREN
I'll get it back when I get Foley.

42 EXT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 42

A dozen GERIATRIC RESIDENTS sit on chairs out front as Buddy climbs the steps carrying a bag of groceries under one arm, newspaper under the other. An OLD WOMAN comes out the door as Buddy opens it and squints at him.

OLD WOMAN
Oh-- Are you delivering the oxygen?

BUDDY
Uh, no ma'am. Sorry.

43 INT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY 43

Buddy's REAL apartment, not the one Karen pictured in her dream. This one's nicer, with a view of the beach. Jack stands on the balcony going through KAREN'S PURSE.

He pulls out her wallet, checks out her drivers license photo. He does the same with her gym I.D. card. He finds her address book and opens it up. A photo of her father slips out. Jack examines it a moment, then flips through the book.

He stares at something in her purse a moment, then reaches in and comes up with her U.S. Marshal I.D. He flips it open and studies the badge and the picture opposite.

He holds onto it, looks out at the ocean, but really sees...

44 THE OPEN TRUNK OF THE CAR - LAST NIGHT 44

As Karen gets out, saying...

KAREN
You win, Jack.

45 BACK IN THE APARTMENT 45

Foley turns away from the view as Buddy walks in, sets the grocery bag down on the coffee table.

BUDDY
You made the front page.

He holds up the newspaper so that Foley can see his picture on the front page: an unflattering mug shot that doesn't look all that much like him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
They pass this picture around you can go anywhere you want, nobody'll know you.

FOLEY
I wasn't feeling my best that day. I'd just drawn thirty to life.

BUDDY
Maybe this'll make you feel better.

Buddy reaches into the bag, tosses Foley a NEW ZIPPO.

FOLEY
Thanks.

Foley catches the lighter, immediately begins playing with it. He looks at the paper on the coffee table as Buddy sits down, pulls some groceries and a sixpack from the bag.

BUDDY
Paper says there's ten grand each on you, Chino and Lulu.

FOLEY
Say anything in there about Karen Sisco?

BUDDY
Just that she got away.

FOLEY
Yeah, but what happened after she drove off with Glenn?

BUDDY
You'll have to ask Glenn. And most likely, he's on his way to Detroit, where we should be.

Foley walks back out onto the balcony, looks at the contents of Karen's purse spread out on the table.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
You realize what you're doing? Worrying about a person that works in law enforcement. You want to sit down and have cocktails with a girl that tried to shoot you. You hear what I'm saying?

Foley holds up the picture of Marshall Sisco.

FOLEY
Think this old guy is her boyfriend? It's the only picture she carries.

BUDDY
Am I going to Detroit by myself?

Foley picks up her drivers license photo.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Longer we hang around down here, Jack, better chance there is either Glenn's gonna fuck up the whole score, or we gonna get busted, or both.

FOLEY
We'll leave first thing in the morning.

46 EXT. MARSHALL SISCO'S CONDO - DUSK 46

Right on a marina. Boats bob against the sunset.

MARSHALL (VO)
Is this Foley?

47 INT. MARSHALL SISCO'S CONDO - NIGHT 47

Marshall sits in his chair holding up a newspaper as Karen hands him a drink, stares at the photograph...

KAREN
He doesn't even look like that.

MARSHALL
No?

KAREN
No, he looks a lot...

She realizes Marshall's watching her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Different.

The DOORBELL RINGS. She ignores his look, gets up. Walks to the door and opens it to reveal RAY NICOLET, boots, leather jacket, etc. Cowboy Cop.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Hi, Ray.

RAY
You look great. Your Dad taking good care of you?

KAREN
He took the week off so we'd have time together. So far he's worked on his boat every day. Dad? Ray Nicolet.

Marshall gets up, shakes his head.

RAY
I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Sisco.

MARSHALL
Likewise.

KAREN
Ray's with the Violent Crimes Task Force, working on the prison break.

MARSHALL
(eyeing his T-shirt)
I see that.

Ray turns to Karen, holding his jacket open to show the task force inscription on his T-shirt in red, the guy's .357 tucked into his waistband.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
In case no one knows what he does. Tell me, Ray, you ever wear one says, 'Undercover'?

RAY
No. Course not.

KAREN
(changing the subject)
How's it going?

RAY
Great. We got one of 'em.

Karen looks at him.

KAREN
Was it Foley?

MARSHALL
(before he can answer)
Off a tip?

RAY
Yeah, someone spotted two of 'em in this hobo camp out by the airport, called the number—

MARSHALL
I knew it, soon as I saw they were offering a reward.

She grabs Nicolet by the arm.

KAREN
Was it Foley?

Marshall looks at her.

RAY
Foley? Oh. No, it was one of the Cubans. Linares.

KAREN
Oh...

RAY
We went out there, full SWAT, two choppers, the whole bit, but Linares started shooting anyway. We put him down, but somehow Chirino got away.

MARSHALL
Did you pay the guy the reward?

RAY
Yeah, as soon as we got back.

KAREN
Foley hadn't been there?

Her father gives her a look.

RAY
This place was strictly Cuban. If Foley had a ride he must have his own agenda. He seems to be the only one knows what he's doing.

THE PHONE RINGS. Marshall moves to it.

MARSHALL
Hello?
(beat)
Yeah, she is. Just a minute.
(hands her the phone)
For you.

KAREN
Hello?

48 CUT TO: FOLEY ON THE PHONE 48

On the balcony. Flipping through a copy of *Vogue* while Buddy watches television inside.

FOLEY
Hi.

49 INTERCUTTING KAREN & FOLEY 49

Karen just stands there, sees her father looking at her as Ray drones on.

FOLEY
You know who this is?

KAREN
Yes.

She walks out to her father's balcony now.

FOLEY
I just wanted to see if you're okay, make sure Glenn didn't hurt you or, you know, anything.

MARSHALL
Something I've been wondering, Ray...

Marshall picks up the newspaper...

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
It says in the headline, "I slept with a murderer, says shaken Miami woman." She lives in Little Havana, her husband's out of town working when one of the escapees shows up at her door...

She closes the glass door, so that they won't hear her.

KAREN
How'd you get this number?

FOLEY
Who was it answered the phone?

KAREN
None of your business.

FOLEY
I'm just worried maybe I'm not old enough for you.

KAREN
That's my dad.

FOLEY
Really. He has a cop's face.

KAREN
How do you know? Wait-- you have my wallet.

FOLEY
And your gun.

KAREN
Think I could have them back?

FOLEY
How do we do that?

KAREN
Let's see. You could come on by my dad's place, drop 'em off.

FOLEY
Sure. I'll just leave 'em with the S.W.A.T. guy answers the door.

Foley stops flipping through the magazine, stares at what he's been looking for: an ad for *Defiance* perfume.

KAREN
There's a guy here on the task force right now. Maybe I should put him on the phone, let you two work it out.

FOLEY
You won't do that.

KAREN
Why not?

FOLEY
Because you're having too much fun.

She doesn't know what to say to that. Foley smells the ad.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

MARSHALL
...She fixes him pork chops and rice, the next thing you know they're making love on the sofa. She says he was very gentle.

RAY
I spoke to her. The guy told her he missed his little girl and she felt sorry for him.

MARSHALL
That's how you score now?

ON THE PATIO:

She looks inside at her father talking with Ray Nicolet.

KAREN
My dad's retired. He was a Private Investigator. Forty years. I used to work for him.

FOLEY
I can just picture that, a cute girl like you following slip-and-fall and whiplash cheaters.

KAREN
Something I've been wondering, what ever happened to your Uncle Cully?

FOLEY
Why? You think he might tell you where I am?

KAREN
Unless you wanna tell me.

FOLEY
He's dead. He did twenty-seven years before he came out and died not too long after in Charity Hospital, I think trying to make up for all the good times he'd missed.
(then)
That's not gonna be me.

KAREN
One last score, that the idea? Move to some island.

FOLEY
I'm partial to mountains myself. But if you like islands, we'll make it an island.

KAREN
Whatta you mean we'll make it an island?

FOLEY
I just thought maybe you and me could-

Buddy opens the door, sticks his head out, startles Foley.

BUDDY
Who you talking to?

KAREN
Is that Buddy?

Foley's caught off guard, hangs up the phone. He looks at Buddy.

FOLEY
What?!

BUDDY
You better come see this.

50 INT. MARSHALL'S CONDO - SAME 50

As Karen stands on the balcony another moment, then hangs up, opens the sliding door and walks back into the living room.

RAY
The woman also said he stole her husband's gun, a twenty-two pistol, and some of his clothes.

MARSHALL
So the woman's married. She goes to bed with this prison escapee because he misses his little girl and then tells the world about it. But you don't reveal her name, you protect her. It sounds like you're saying it's okay as long as her husband doesn't find out about it. Like the guy who cheats on his wife, saying what she doesn't know won't hurt her.

KAREN
Dad.

He looks over at her now. Gives her an innocent look.

MARSHALL
What?

51 INT. BUDDYS APARTMENT - SAME 51

As Foley and Buddy watch a news report on the earlier events at the hobo camp. We catch a glimpse of RAY NICOLET, GUN IN HIS WAISTBAND, STICKING HIS CHEST OUT FOR THE CAMERA.

Foley shakes his head as they show a shot of Lulu's body covered with a sheet.

FOLEY
Chino's gonna wanna talk to me.

BUDDY
He's running for his life, he doesn't give a shit about you.

FOLEY
He's gotta know by now that I gave him up back at Glades. He does, he's gonna try to find me. Maybe go see Adele, see what she knows.

BUDDY
He knows where she lives?

Foley doesn't answer. Buddy mutes the set. Turns to Foley.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Jack?

FOLEY
We were talking one time, drinking rum. I may've mentioned Adele, how she worked for a magician. Chino got interested. He's like, Yeah? How does he saw the woman in half? He wanted to meet her. Or get a look at her if she ever came to visit.

BUDDY
So call her up. Tell her don't talk to any Cubans.

FOLEY
Her phone's probably tapped.

BUDDY
And you know they're gonna have some people watching the hotel.

FOLEY
Shit.

52 EXT. MARSHALL SISCO'S BOAT - DAY 52

Karen stands there with her car keys and purse as Marshall paints the trim on the boat.

MARSHALL
Remember, pay attention to how she talks about Foley, her tone. Do it right, she'll tell you things she wouldn't tell Burdon. Tell her you think he's a nice guy. No, first tell her about being in the trunk with him, in the dark for half an hour, and see how she takes it. If she's in on it, what does she get for all the aggravation; cops breathing on her? I bet nothing. So she still likes him enough to stick her neck out. You
(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
think that's possible? What kind of guy is he?

KAREN
He's pretty laid back, confident.

MARSHALL
He remind you of that guy, Tillman?

KAREN
Not at all.

MARSHALL
But you know he's dirty and you still wanna see him again.

KAREN
I want to bust his ass, put him in shackles.

MARSHALL
Maybe. But you're also curious about the man. Twice last night you asked your married boyfriend Nicolet about him. You were concerned, but you didn't want to show it.

KAREN
My married boyfriend - setting him up with that news story so you could talk about infidelity. I couldn't believe it.

MARSHALL
You like the wild ones, don't you? Tillman, Nicolet and now Foley. You know, I've always said there's a thin line between the cowboy cops and the armed robbers, all those guys that love to pack.

KAREN
Foley *kid*napped me.

MARSHALL
Yeah, but you talked all the way from GCI to the turnpike. It sounds more like a first date than a kidnapping.

She gives him a look. He goes back to his painting.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Go talk to the ex-wife.

53 INT. ADELE DELISI'S APARTMENT - DAY 53

As Adele comes in, drops a stack of her cards on the glass-topped dining table and turns on the window air-conditioner when THE PHONE RINGS. She grabs it...

ADELE
Hi, this is Adele speaking.

54 EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY 54

Adele's neighborhood. Near the beach. Chino on the phone.

CHINO
Oh, is this Adele?

ADELE (PHONE)
Yes, it is.

CHINO
Uh-- sorry. Wrong number.

He hangs up, glances about, then re-adjusts the little .22 stuck in the back of his pants. He then starts off down the street.

55 INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY 55

Buddy drives. Foley -- in a bright orange and ochre beach outfit -- beside him. Buddy looks at him, shakes his head.

BUDDY
Nice disguise.

FOLEY
I'm a tourist.

BUDDY
You at least bring the gun?

FOLEY
(lifts straw bag)
In here with my suntan lotion and beach towel.
(points)
That's her place.

As they drive past, Buddy indicates a MAN on the steps out front, obviously FBI...

BUDDY
There. You see the guy sitting on the porch? The old ladies and one guy? You know they'll have a couple more in a car somewhere.

FOLEY
(watching something else)
Uh-huh...

Buddy follows Foley's gaze to...

ACROSS THE STREET

As a car door opens and Karen Sisco gets out, rifles her purse for change. She drops a quarter, Foley now watching as she bends down to grab it, her skirt hiking way up her thigh...

BUDDY
Oh, my.

Foley watches, her hair in her face as she tries to reach under the car and grab it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Okay, you saw her. That's all you get.

They watch as she walks to the Normandie and shows the YOUNG AGENT her ID...

FOLEY
I guess Adele's in good hands.

BUDDY
Sure looks that way.

FOLEY
(finally)
Let's go to Detroit.

BUDDY
Now you're talkin'.

56 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADELE'S APARTMENT - DAY 56

Adele has the chain on the door, talks to Karen through the narrow opening.

ADELE
You were *both* in the trunk? Together?

KAREN
From Glades to the turnpike. Then I left with Glenn.

Karen watches Adele's face in the opening, freshly made up, heavy on the eye shadow and lip gloss.

KAREN (CONT'D)
The FBI didn't tell you I was with them?

ADELE
They didn't *tell* me anything, they asked questions.

KAREN
But you know what I'm talking about, don't you? About Glenn, don't you, and the second car?

ADELE
I know a Glenn.

She thinks a moment. The door closes and opens again, all the way. Adele stands there in a robe, hanging partly open, panties, but no bra.

ADELE (CONT'D)
I'm getting ready to go out. You can come in if you want, sit down for a minute. Would you like a Diet Coke?

KAREN
No, thanks.

She comes in, checks out the place. She turns a chair from the glasstop table and sits down as Adele comes out of the kitchenette with a Diet Coke and pack of cigarettes.

ADELE
Those are cute shoes. The kind of jobs I get, I have to wear these killer spikes, they ruin your feet.

She walks away, comes back with an ashtray.

ADELE (CONT'D)
When you were in the trunk with Jack...

Karen waits, watches her light her cigarette.

ADELE (CONT'D)
He didn't hurt you or anything, did he?

KAREN
You mean, did he try to jump me? No, but he was kind of talkative.

ADELE
He gets that way when he's nervous sometimes.

Adele sits down at the other end of the table.

KAREN
You didn't visit him in prison.

ADELE
He didn't want me to.

KAREN
Why not?

ADELE
I don't know. He was different after he was sentenced, looking at thirty years. Said it depressed him every time the younger cons called him an old timer.

KAREN
But you spoke to him on the phone.

ADELE
He'd call every once in a while.

KAREN
He called the day he escaped.

ADELE
He did? I don't remember. Did he say about me? In the trunk?

KAREN
(beat, lies)
He said he wished the two of you could start over, live a normal life.

ADELE
Huh. Problem is, Jack's idea of a normal life is robbing banks. It's all he's ever done.

KAREN
Did you know that when you married him?

ADELE
He said he was a card player. I could live with that. I never knew he robbed banks till he got busted with that car that caught fire -- if you can imagine something like that happening, comes out of the bank and the car's on fire. I did go see him in jail to tell him I was filing for divorce. He said, 'Okay.' Jack's so easy going.
(then)
He was fun, but never what you'd call a real husband.

Adele looks out the window. Karen waits, looks to an end table where she sees a photograph of Jack and Adele on a boat somewhere ten years back.

ADELE (CONT'D)
I'll say one thing for Jack, he was never ugly or mean, or drank too much. He was very considerate, lights on or off, if you know what I mean.

KAREN
Really.
(looking at the picture)
Hm.

She realizes Adele is looking at her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Adele, sooner or later, he's gonna get caught. I'd like to get him before he does something else, makes it worse on himself.

ADELE
I don't know where he is.

KAREN
What about Glenn or Buddy? Any idea where I could find them?

Adele looks at Karen, then jumps at the sound of three quick raps on the door.

CHINO'S VOICE
Adele? You in there?

ADELE
Yes.

CHINO
I want to speak with you, please.

ADELE
Who is it?

CHINO'S VOICE
I talk to the guy you work for, Emil. He tole me your number and where you live. See, I'm looking for an assistant and would like to speak to you.

ADELE
Oh. Uh-huh.

CHINO'S VOICE
You did work for Emil, right?

ADELE
Yeah, I was Emil's box-jumper for almost four years.

CHINO'S VOICE
You were his what, his box?

ADELE
His assistant.

Karen looks at the door. Something's wrong.

ADELE (CONT'D)
You say you perform in the Miami area?

CHINO'S VOICE
Yes, around here. I was a mayishan in Cuba before I come here. Manuel the Mayishan was my name.

And now Karen and Adele look at each other.

CHINO'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Can you open the door?

Karen shakes her head "no."

ADELE
I'm not dressed.

CHINO'S VOICE
Listen to me.
(lowers his voice)
I'm a good friend of Jack Foley.

Boom. Karen gets to her feet, brings her bag to the edge of the table, sees Adele staring at her...

KAREN
Ask him his name.

ADELE
Who are you?

CHINO'S VOICE
(beat)
Jose Chirino.

Karen brings her Beretta out of the bag.

CHINO'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Or maybe you hear Jack Foley call me Chino. I'm the same person.

Karen moves along the table to Adele...

KAREN
(soft)
Tell him to wait in the hall, you have to get dressed. Say it loud.

As Adele speaks, Karen racks the slide on her 9mm.

ADELE
Wait in the hall! I have to get dressed!

CHINO'S VOICE
Tell me where is Jack Foley, I don't bother you no more.

Karen motions for Adele to keep talking as she begins quietly unlocking the deadbolt...

ADELE
I don't know where he is.

CHINO'S VOICE
Listen, I'm the one help Jack escape from prison. He tole me, I can't find him to see you. So why don't you open this fucking door. Okay? So we can speak.

ADELE
(staring at Karen)
Go away, or I'll call the police.

CHINO'S VOICE
Why you want to do that, to a frien'?

Adele says nothing. Then..

CHINO'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Okay, you don't want to help me, I'm leaving.
(then)
I'm going now. I see you maybe some time, okay? Bye bye.

KAREN
(low)
Go in the bedroom and close the door.

She waits until Adele is crossing the room before she puts her left hand on the doorknob, turns it, holds the lock open and looks over her shoulder at Adele, watching from the bedroom doorway. Karen motions to her, waving the Beretta, to get in there, go on. But Adele doesn't move.

Karen brings the door toward her, opening it an inch, listening, then steps aside, out of the way, a moment before the door bangs open and...

Chino, expecting the door to be closed and deadbolted, flies into the room at a hundred miles an hour, bangs into a wall, ricochets off a table before he goes down to the floor.

The gun is six inches away from him. He's reaching for it when...

Karen brings up her Beretta in two hands, cocks it and puts the front sight on his chest...

KAREN (CONT'D)
Leave it where it is.

CHINO
(frowning)
Wait. You not Adele?

KAREN
I'm a federal marshal and you're under arrest.

CHINO
Oh. Then this must be Adele...

He looks at Adele, starts to get to his feet.

KAREN
If you move, if you look at her again, you're dead.

They stare at each other. He finally drops back to the floor.

KAREN (CONT'D)
On your knees.

He does as he's told. Karen raises his jacket, feels around his waist from behind.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Lie face down on the floor.

CHINO
What?!

She kicks him over onto his stomach and stays there. She puts her foot to his back as she reaches for the phone, dials. She sees Adele staring at her.

KAREN
First question FBI's gonna ask is why this creep came here.

CHINO
(to Adele)
Excuse me...

Karen looks at Adele a moment, then says into the phone...

KAREN
Daniel Burdon, please. Karen Sisco.

CHINO
Excuse me, Adele?

ADELE
Yes.

CHINO
You do the sawing of the box in half trick with you inside?

ADELE
(beat)
Yes.

CHINO
Tell me, how do you do that?

Adele looks at Karen who shoves Chino's head to the floor with her foot.

KAREN
Shut up.
(then into the phone)
Daniel. Karen Sisco. Listen, if I get Chirino, will you put me on the task force?
(then)
Yes or no, Daniel. If I get him, will you let me go after Foley?
(then)
That's all I wanted to know.

Karen hangs up, looks at Adele. Adele nods.

ADELE
You're good.

KAREN
Thank you.

ADELE
(then)
Buddy Bragg lives in the Shalamar apartments in Hallandale.

57 INT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 57

As Foley and Buddy quickly pack up their stuff.

FOLEY
First thing we do, we get to Detroit, we find Glenn, then we find a window to throw him out of.

BUDDY
I been thinkin', if I was Glenn, I was up there to take down the Ripper, where would I go?

FOLEY
Well, first off, if you were Glenn, you wouldn't be thinking.

BUDDY
Remember Snoopy Miller, his old pal from Lompoc?

FOLEY
Snoopy. Christ, I thought he'd be brain dead by now.

BUDDY
He isn't fighting no more. Glenn told me the Snoop's been managing some guys up there now, works out at the Kronk.

58 INT. SHALAMAR APARTMENTS - LOBBY - SAME 58

The ancient residents stop what they're doing as Burdon enters with eight guys in jackets and wool shirts hanging out, running shoes, half of them carrying what look like athletic bags. Karen meets them as they all walk to the elevator.

BURDON
You get the key?

KAREN
They're in 7D.

She hands it to him as they wait for the elevator.

BURDON
I want two men outside, front and back. Conway and Jessup go on up to seven, cover both ends of the hall.

Burdon, Karen and the remaining four SWAT team agents. Burdon looks at them one at a time...

BURDON (CONT'D)
You're primary, you're secondary, you're point man.

KAREN
You're gonna use a ram?

BURDON
Yeah, why?

KAREN
The manager's door is metal.

They all look at her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You know what I mean? They might all be. And a ram on a metal door makes an awful lot of noise for what good it does.

Burdon looks at her, not all that happy she spoke up. The fourth man raises the shotgun, a three-inch strip of metal taped to the muzzle.

FOURTH MAN
I got a shock-lock round in my shotgun oughta do the trick.

BURDON
Fine. Whatever.

He sees the elevator still hasn't come down.

BURDON (CONT'D)
Fuck it. Let's take the stairs. Karen...

Burdon pauses, looks at Karen, hands her a radio.

BURDON (CONT'D)
Take the radio, stay down here in the lobby, watch the elevator.

KAREN
What? Daniel, I wanna go upstairs.

BURDON
You can go wait out in the car, you want to.

She doesn't say anything.

BURDON (CONT'D)
Now you see Foley and this guy Bragg come in behind us, whatta you do?

KAREN
(pissed)
Call and tell you.

BURDON
And you let them come up. You don't try to make the bust yourself. You understand?

Before she can answer, an old woman steps in, asks Burdon...

OLD WOMAN
Are you delivering the oxygen?

Burdon looks at her, then nods for his men to start up the stairs.

59 ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR 59

Everyone's in position as Burdon eases the key into the lock, turns it. The door won't budge, a dead bolt holds it shut.

The guy with the shotgun puts the strip of metal against the seam, where the lock enters the frame, the muzzle of the shotgun exactly three inches now from the dead bolt and looks over his shoulder at Burdon.

With the sound of the blast, we then...

60 CUT TO: INSIDE THE ELEVATOR 60

As Foley and Buddy ride DOWN with an OLD LADY. The doors open. The woman doesn't move.

BUDDY
Is this your floor, mother?

OLD LADY
Oh. Yes, it is.

61 INT. THE LOBBY - SAME TIME 61

As an old Gent in a golf cap smiles at Karen sitting there on the couch in front of the elevator...

OLD GENT
Like to play some gin?

KAREN
No, thank you.

He creeps off towards the elevator.

62 INT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - SAME 62

As Burdon and his men fan out through the place...

63 INT. LOBBY - SAME 63

As we hear Burdon's voice.

BURDON (RADIO)
Karen. They're not up here. Keep your eyes open.

Karen looks off towards the street entrance, then back at the elevator where the man is still waiting, leaning on his cane.

The elevator door opens to reveal Buddy and Foley.

OLD GENT
Going up?

Buddy and Foley don't answer. The old man starts to get on, feeling with his cane, taking forever.

Karen and Foley are staring at each other. He doesn't move. Not until the elevator door begins to close.

Buddy sees Karen, helps the old man aboard as...

Karen picks up her radio, is about to speak into it when...

Foley raises his hand. And waves as the door closes.

64 INT. ELEVATOR - SAME 64

As the elevator resumes going down.

OLD MAN
Shit, I wanted to go up...

BUDDY
Let's just hope there's no one in the garage.

FOLEY
She looked right at me. She didn't yell or get excited. She didn't move.

65 INT. BUDDY'S CAR - SAME 65

As they get in and Buddy starts the car....

BUDDY
They know where I live, I guess they know what I drive, so maybe we should pick up another car on the way.

FOLEY
She just sat there, looking right at me.

Buddy gives him a look, shakes his head and then burns rubber out of the garage as we...

66 CUT TO: A CLOSE-UP OF KAREN 66

Staring straight ahead.

BURDON (ON THE RADIO)
Karen. Report. You see anything? Karen? You there? Karen...?

67 INT. MARSHALL SISCO'S CAR - DAY 67

As Marshall drives Karen to the airport.

MARSHALL
He waved to you?

KAREN
I couldn't swear to it, but I'm pretty sure he did.

MARSHALL
You wave back?

KAREN
I didn't have time.

MARSHALL
I imagine you would've though.

She shakes her head.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Something else I've been wondering, they got this big score up north, why did Foley hang around Miami for so long?
(looks at her)
Any thoughts on that one?

KAREN
None I'd like to share.

They pull up in front of the terminal. She grabs a bag out of the back, gives him a kiss...

KAREN (CONT'D)
I'll call soon as I get in.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 EXT. BLOOMFIELD HILLS - DETROIT - DAY 68

Snow. Everywhere. A black Lincoln Town Car creeps through the neighborhood full of big, beautiful snow-covered homes.

MAURICE (VO)
I don't just manage fighters, or deal product anymore...

69 INT. CAR - SAME 69

Glenn -- sunglasses -- sits in the back with Maurice aka "Snoopy" -- wearing a purple bandanna and his own dark sunglasses.

MAURICE
I've diversified since the last time you saw me. I've vertically integrated and now I'm into home invasions and the occasional grand larceny.

Glenn just nods, stares out the window.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
White Boy Bob's my all-around man, my bodyguard when I feel I need one, and my driver.

Maurice indicates WHITE BOY BOB, a fucking huge, depraved-looking white guy now squeezed in behind the wheel.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Watch the road, boy.
(then)
I like this Town Car. We can cruise the man's neighborhood without getting the police or private security people on our ass.

GLENN
Sure, right, they see Bigfoot driving around a black guy wearing shades and a lavender fucking bandanna, no, they won't think anything of it.

MAURICE
It's lilac, man, the color, and the style's made known by Deion and other defensive backs in the pros. I could be one of them living out here with doctors of my race and basketball players. Okay, here comes Mr. Ripley's house up on the left. Yeah. The brick wall. There's his drive, right there.

The car creeps past a huge Tudor-style country house.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
You sure Foley and his pal aren't coming up here, do this themself?

GLENN
If they're not busted now, they're gonna be.
(then)
It's wide open.

70 EXT./INT. CAR - SHITTY NEIGHBORHOOD IN DETROIT - LATER 70

People on the street with vacant expressions watch as the black Town Car moves past the broken-down homes, cars on blocks and snow-covered trash.

GLENN
So you still haven't said, how you wanna do it?

MAURICE
I'll show you, soon as I get one more guy I'm gonna need, Moselle's brother, Kenneth. Along with White Boy there.

GLENN
What?

The car pulls to the curb and KENNETH -- a wiry black man in a bright yellow T-shirt and red baseball cap backward, always seems to be high on some chemical or another - gets in.

MAURICE
You get everything?

Kenneth tosses a gym bag into the back seat. Glenn stares at it. Something about the bag makes him uneasy. Maybe it's the HACKSAW that sticks partially out of the opening.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Cool. Kenneth, this is the man I told you about, Glenn.

KENNETH
The one gonna help us rip off the rich guy?

MAURICE
That's right.

GLENN
Help you...

White Boy Bob pulls out again. Glenn looks at the two psychos in front, then turns to Maurice.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. I'm letting *you* in on this, not all your friends.

MAURICE
You just ask me how we gonna do it. That's what I'm here for, tell you how. We the experts.

Glenn can't believe this is happening.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Thing I'm worried about is you.

GLENN
Me?

MAURICE
Yeah. If you can step up and actually do it. Understand? 'Stead of just talking the talk.

GLENN
Can I do what?

MAURICE
Walk in a house with me, do this cross-dressin' nigga named Eddie Solomon I used to sell to been dealin' on his own.

GLENN
What— when?

MAURICE
Right now, son.

GLENN
I don't have to prove shit to you. The Ripley job is *my* job. You're either in or you're not. You wanna pop some crack dealer pissed you off, that's your problem, not mine.

MAURICE
Look, Glenn, I know you cool, but you don't have to give me no tone of voice, okay? You don't like what I'm saying, you can get out anywhere along here you want.

GLENN
I think you're forgetting, this is my car. I drove it up here.

MAURICE
Hey, shit, come on. I say I want this car, man, it's mine. You go get yourself another one. I say I'm in on Ripley? I'm in, with or without <u>your</u> ass. I say I want you to come along on another job, see if you for real or not, guess what you gonna do?

Glenn looks at Maurice, now ice-cold behind the shades.

WHITE BOY BOB
We're here.

Glenn looks out the window as they pull up in front of a decrepit-looking two-story house. Maurice opens the gym bag, passes the hack saw and a HAND AXE up to White Boy Bob, a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN to Kenneth, and takes out a big .45 for himself.

MAURICE
Let's go see Eddie.

Glenn hesitates, then slowly gets out of the car as we hear...

RIPLEY (VO)
Must take balls, do what you do.

71 EXT. LOMPOC FPC - YARD - DAY 71

As Foley walks with Ripley across the yard.

RIPLEY
Tell me something. What's it like, walk in a bank with a gun, stick it up?

FOLEY
I don't know. I never used a gun.

RIPLEY
Really?

FOLEY
You'd be surprised what all you can get, you ask for it the right way.

RIPLEY
(smiles)
You're the reason, Jack, I don't keep all my money in banks.

FOLEY
No? Where do you keep it, Dick?
(Ripley smiles)
I'm talking about all those uncut diamonds you told Glenn about.

RIPLEY
(still smiling)
I know what you're talking about.

FOLEY
You're the one with balls, Dick, say something like that to someone like Glenn. Or maybe you just forgot where you were for a minute.

RIPLEY
Yeah, but who's gonna believe Glenn? I mean, do you believe Glenn?

FOLEY
Of course not.

RIPLEY
Plus, even it was true, he'd still have to figure out where I keep 'em.

FOLEY
Doesn't have to figure out shit. You told him you keep 'em at your house.

RIPLEY
(shrugs, big smile)
It's a big house.

Ripley sits down on one of the picnic tables, looks around the yard.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)
I used to have a hundred extensions in my office, now I gotta wait in line to make a call. Glenn, he doesn't mind waiting, especially if he thinks he's gonna get something out of it.

FOLEY
You saying it's all bullshit?

RIPLEY
I'm saying I tell Glenn what he wants to hear.
(then)
Tell me something, Jack, how much longer you in here?

FOLEY
Twenty-two months, three days, two hours. Why?

RIPLEY
I was just thinking that I could use a guy like you, someone knows how to ask for things the right way.

FOLEY
Thanks, but I don't like waitin' in the phone line either.

RIPLEY
I'm talkin' about when you're outta here. You can't rob banks forever.

Foley looks at Ripley.

FOLEY
It's a little late for me.

RIPLEY
Hey, Jack? Bullshit. I didn't make my first million until I was forty-two. Forty-two. You really <u>want</u> to change, it's never too late.

FOLEY
I don't know. I'm not exactly the nine-to-five type.

RIPLEY
Who is? But then you gotta look at a job as more than just work. You gotta look at it as peace of mind. As *security*, you know what I mean? I got offices in Detroit, Miami, Boston, take your pick.

FOLEY
My ex-wife's in Miami. It's nice down there.

RIPLEY
No need to decide now. Be like the fish. Let whatever happen's happen.

FOLEY
The fish?

RIPLEY
Yeah, fish live in the present. They don't dwell on yesterday and they don't worry about tomorrow. Even when a big fish attacks a little fish, there's no neurosis involved. No guilt afterward. No whining on some fish-shrink's couch. They just do it. They accept.

FOLEY
I can't say that I've paid that much attention to 'em before.

RIPLEY
The fish saved my life. Two years ago, I found out I had high blood pressure. So my doctor, he tells me to go get an aquarium, look at the fish every time I felt myself stressing out.

FOLEY
And the guy sent you a bill for this?

RIPLEY
It works. You should try it sometime.

FOLEY
The next time I walk into a bank.

Ripley shakes his head, then gets up...

RIPLEY
Think about my offer, Jack.

Foley watches him go.

BUDDY (VO)
Hey, Jack...

72 CUT TO: CLOSE UP OF FOLEY 72

As he turns to us.

FOLEY
What?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: WERE INSIDE A CAR

Across the street from the KRONK RECREATION CENTER -- a red-brick building in a bleak, depressing neighborhood.

BUDDY
You see this one...

Buddy reads from a newspaper while Foley watches the gym.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
(reads)
'Fight over tuna casserole may have spurred slaying.' Seems this woman's live-in boyfriend, seventy years old, complained about her tuna noodle casserole and she shot him in the face with a twelve-gauge. Police found noodles in the woman's hair and think the guy dumped the casserole dish on her before she shot him. They'd been together ten years.

FOLEY
Love is funny.

Buddy looks at him. Notices something over Foley's shoulder.

BUDDY
Hey-

And now Foley turns and looks over as the black Town Car pulls into the Kronk parking lot.

73 INT. TOWN CAR - SAME 73

Kenneth and White Boy Bob nod along to some rap tape in the front seat. Glenn sits in the back, looking pale, hugging himself, shaking. Maurice looks out the window...

MAURICE
Was a time you see a gold Mercedes over in the parking lot has a license plate on it say HITMAN? You know Tommy Hearns is inside. Seeing the car would get our juices flowing.

Maurice looks at Glenn now and grins.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
You already got your juices flowing, huh? Pissed your pants back there at Eddie's house, didn't you?

Glenn just looks at Maurice.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
That was some shit, huh?

GLENN
(indicates Kenneth)
Why'd he have to do that to that girl?

MAURICE
Yeah, Kenneth, why you have to do that to that poor girl.

KENNETH
(smiles)
Do what?

Glenn says nothing just looks at Kenneth.

MAURICE
Just wait till we get inside Ripley's house.

And he and Whiteboy start laughing as they get out of the car.

GLENN
It's all right with you, I'll just hang in the car.

MAURICE
(beat)
No. You gonna stay close to me from now on. So you don't disappear on me.

GLENN
Why would I do that?

Maurice looks at him, starts laughing. White Boy Bob and Kenneth join in. Maurice leans over... Glenn flinches as Maurice opens Glenn's jacket so that we can see the BLOOD splattered on his T-shirt.

MAURICE
Was worse than you imagined, wasn't it?
(then, smiles)
Baby, you with the bad boys now.

74 INT. FOLEY & BUDDYS CAR - SAME 74

As they watch Glenn and Snoopy and White Boy Bob get out of the car.

BUDDY
Whatta you think?

FOLEY
I think Glenn opened his big mouth and now we got us another partner.

BUDDY
Or two.

75 INT. BOXING GYM - SAME 75

Glenn sits on a bench near the rear wall, facing the ring. Kenenth grabs a magazine, walks into the john. A shirtless White Boy Bob lifts weights while Maurice moves around the ring calling to the boxers inside...

MAURICE
Stick and jab!

VOICE
Hey, Studs, how you doing?

He looks up, sees Buddy and Foley coming this way.

GLENN
Jesus Christ, what're you guys doing here?

They sit down on either side of him, close.

FOLEY
Weren't you expecting us?

GLENN
That broad you picked up -- did you know she was a U.S. Marshal, for Christ sake?

Now he turns to Buddy as Buddy stands up, takes off his overcoat and sits down again.

GLENN (CONT'D)
She *knew* me from some bullshit dope bust. She drove me to court. Twice. You know what she said, we're in the car on the turnpike? 'I never forget anybody I've cuffed and shackled.'

FOLEY
Yeah? She said that to you?

Glenn turns to see Foley with a mild expression on his face, almost smiling.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
What happened to your shades? Someone finally step on 'em?

GLENN
(touches his head)
I don't know...

Foley notices the blood on Glenn's shirt.

FOLEY
Who's blood you got all over you?

GLENN
These guys, man, they're crazy.
(looks off)
Shit.

Foley follows his gaze, sees Maurice coming this way, White Boy Bob beside him, carrying his shirts.

FOLEY
Is that Snoopy? In the purple doo rag?

BUDDY
What's he do now, tell fortunes?

Maurice stands at the edge of the ring apron, looks from Foley to Buddy and back again, pretty serious about it.

WHITE BOY BOB
We have a problem here?

MAURICE
(walking over)
Jack Foley, famous bank robber.

FOLEY
Snoopy Miller, famous fight thrower.

MAURICE
It seems to me I been reading about you in the newspaper. Busted out of some joint in Florida, huh?

FOLEY
Low class of people there, Snoop.

WHITE BOY BOB
You call him that again I'll put your head through the wall.

BUDDY
What? You mean Snoop?

MAURICE
Nobody calls me Snoop no more or Snoopy, is what White Boy's trying to say. He's a little crude, you understand. No, I left that Snoopy shit behind me.

BUDDY
But you call this bozo White Boy?

GLENN
White Boy Bob.
(baiting)
White Boy used to be a fighter.

BUDDY
What's he do now outside of shoot his mouth off?

White Boy Bob stares down Buddy who could give a shit.

FOLEY
Like being back in the yard, huh?

MAURICE
Just like it. Nobody backing down. You back down you pussy. Tell me what you and Buddy doing up here in the cold?

FOLEY
Glenn didn't tell you?

GLENN
I thought you guys were busted.

FOLEY
Why? Just because you left us standing on the side of the road?

Foley looks at Glenn. Glenn shrugs, laughs nervously. Foley smiles, laughs with him, maybe a little too hard. Now Maurice starts laughing. Buddy, too. White Boy's lost, looking from one guy to the next as Foley gets up, faces Maurice, his smile going away as he says...

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Look, Snoop, I don't know what Glenn promised you or what you think you're gonna get, but the deal is me and Buddy get half of whatever we take from Ripley, understand? How you and Glenn cut up the rest is up to you.

MAURICE
Let's go outside and talk.

FOLEY
What's the matter with right here? It's nice and warm.

MAURICE
Warm? Man, it's ninety-five degrees in here, sometimes a hundred -- the way Emanuel always kep' it so his boys'd sweat, get lean and mean like Tommy Hearns. No, I ain't talking any business in here. To me this is holy ground, man. You understand? I got to be someplace anyway. Y'all want to talk, come to the fights tomorrow night, we'll sit down and look at it good. The State Theater.

Foley nods then looks at Glenn as Buddy gets up.

FOLEY
We'll see you tomorrow then.

Maurice then watches as they walk out.

MAURICE
White Boy, how much is the reward on the man again?

WHITE BOY BOB
Ten gees.

MAURICE
Uh-huh.
(then)
You recall, did it say dead or alive?

76 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT 76

The same decrepit two-story place Maurice et al hit earlier. Now it's a CRIME SCENE. A SMALL CROWD of neighborhood gawkers stand just behind the yellow tape. A HUGE SPOTLIGHT lights up the front yard.

Karen pulls up in her rental car, gets out and badges the visibly-freezing COP at the tape, working crowd control.

KAREN
I'm looking for Ray Cruz.

COP
He's inside.
(pissed)
With everybody else.

Karen ducks under the tape and starts up the walk. She pauses to watch as two CORONER'S ASSISTANTS cover with a sheet a DEAD BLACK WOMAN who lies just below a broken upstairs window.

77 INT. HOUSE - SAME 77

Hell. Karen has to step over a body minus a face that lies in the doorway. Straight ahead on the stairs is another body, A MAN ON HIS BACK, head down the stairs, shotgun blast to the chest. He wears a dress, now bunched up around his waist.

Congealed blood runs down the stairs. COPS and CRIME SCENE TECHS are everywhere. Karen looks at the guy on the stairs.

VOICE
Called themselves the Youngboys.

Karen looks over as RAYMOND CRUZ, a stocky, genial-looking detective comes out of the kitchen.

CRUZ
Ironic, isn't it?

KAREN
How are you, Raymond?

CRUZ
Freezing. But I'm getting warmer.

He kisses her on the cheek. She indicates the body by the door.

KAREN
Quite a mess.

CRUZ
Yeah. And I thought everyone liked Eddie.

KAREN
Who?

CRUZ
(re: body on stairs)
Dude in the dress is Eddie Solomon, used to buy scag off a corner till he kicked it and found his happiness with crack and then started dealing himself. Word on the street was he was saving up for an operation.

KAREN
What is it with crack and transexuals?

CRUZ
Yeah, Eddie was a real character. Had these girls cooked the rocks he called The Rockettes.

KAREN
Yeah. I saw one of 'em outside.

CRUZ
Yonelle. Looks like someone raped her, shot her, then threw her out the window.
(shakes his head)
Fuckin animals.

This shuts them both up. Cruz indicates the door.

CRUZ (CONT'D)
Let's get some air.

She starts to follow him out, pauses as she sees something on the ground...

A BROKEN PAIR OF SUNGLASSES

Wrap-around... a lot like the ones she remembers Glenn wearing. Karen stares at them a moment, then walks out.

78 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT 78

As Cruz and Karen walk to his car.

CRUZ
Other than we had so much fun the last time we worked together, you gonna tell me why you're comin' to me instead of the FBI?

KAREN
I report to the FBI, first thing they're gonna do is ask me to go get some coffee.

CRUZ
You know, I'm not in homicide anymore.

KAREN
No, I didn't know that.

CRUZ
Yeah, I'm crimes against persons and property now, also sex crimes and child abuse.

KAREN
Detroit, you must be pretty busy.

CRUZ
Yeah, and as you can see, home invasions are big, too.

KAREN
Listen, Raymond, a year ago, DEA had this guy Glenn Michaels on posession with intent but couldn't make it stick. In his statement, Glenn said he went up to Detroit to visit a friend and look into job opportunities -- if you can believe that.

CRUZ
Who was the friend?

KAREN
Guy named Maurice Miller, also known as Snoopy, a former prizefighter.

CRUZ
Christ, I know Snoopy Miller. He's a fuckin wackjob thinks he's Sugar Ray Leonard. Hangs out with a couple other Grade-A nutcases over on the West side.

KAREN
I'll need a last known address.

CRUZ
That's fine, but I don't want you to talk to Miller alone.

KAREN
Come on, Raymond, I'm a federal officer, I'm armed.

He turns and looks at her.

CRUZ
Yes, you are. I'll call you tomorrow with the address.

He gets into his car. Karen crosses to her own. A WOMAN getting out of a FREE PRESS car spots Karen as she gets in. The woman watches as Karen drives past...

WOMAN
Karen?

But Karen doesn't hear, drives on past. The woman then pulls out a cell phone and dials.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hi, it's Marcie. Listen, there's a U.S. Marshal here from Miami, Karen Sisco... I got to know her in Miami when I worked for the *Herald*.
(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)
(then)
I don't know what she's doing yet. I have to find out. In the meantime the *Herald* has a terrific shot of her taken in front of the federal courthouse.
(then)
You could run it in 'Names & Faces' instead of whatever Madonna's up to. Look, once you see the picture I know you'll use it.

79 CUT TO: A NEWSPAPER 79

A two-column shot of Karen -- in a tailored black suit, straight skirt, black bag hanging from her left shoulder -- holding a shotgun, the butt of the stock resting on her cocked hip, the barrel extending above her on an angle, her right hand gripping the gun just above the trigger guard. She wears dark sunglasses and is looking past the camera, her lips slightly parted. The headline reads: LA FEMME KAREN.

BUDDY (PHONE)
You have the paper?

80 REVEAL: FOLEY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 80

Foley, wearing a suit now, no shoes, no tie, looks at the newspaper photograph of Karen.

FOLEY
I'm looking at it.

81 INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - SAME 81

Buddy looking at the same shot...

BUDDY
What do you think?

FOLEY (PHONE)
It's a terrific shot of her.

BUDDY
Outside of that.

INTERCUTTING FOLEY & BUDDY

FOLEY
Doesn't say what she's doing up here, but I don't think it has anything to do with us.

BUDDY
She came up here on her vacation, 'cause she likes shitty weather.

Foley reaches in one of the bags from the Jewish Recycling Center and pulls out a tie.

FOLEY
I think she's after Glenn. The girl still with you?

BUDDY
They don't stay the night, Jack, 'less you pay for it.
(then)
If they got a tail on Glenn, we're fucked. Tomorrow night at the fights we all get picked up.

FOLEY
Let's drive by where we're meeting and have a look. Maybe take a look at Ripley's place while we're at it.

Foley hangs up. He faces the mirror, starts to tie his tie.

RIPLEY
I guess next time I see you, you'll be wearing a suit and tie...

82 INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - DAY 82

Foley leans in the doorway watching as Ripley, dressed in a jogging suit, and under the watchful eye of A GUARD, gathers up his belongings. He's going home.

FOLEY
I still haven't made up my mind yet.

RIPLEY
What's to think about?

FOLEY
You goin' right back to work?

RIPLEY
First, I'm goin' to Israel for a year, study the Talmud, work on a Kibbutz... then come back, maybe take some tennis lessons.

He tears a picture off the wall...

RIPLEY (CONT'D)
Here...
(hands it to Foley)
Something to remember me by.

Foley stares at the photograph of sea life.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)
It's not the real thing, but it's still nice to look at.

Foley looks at Ripley who extends his hand...

RIPLEY (CONT'D)
See you on the outside, Jack.

83 INT. FOLEY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 83

Foley finishes tying his tie, stares into the mirror, takes in the overall effect.

FOLEY
(smiles)
Hi! I just broke outta jail!

His smile fades, he then sits down heavily on the bed, looks at the picture of Karen another moment, then sets the paper aside, grabs the yellow pages, flips to HOTELS, and dials the phone...

VOICE (PHONE)
Antheneum Hotel.

FOLEY
Karen Sisco, please.

VOICE
(pause, then)
I'm sorry, but there's no one by that name registered.

FOLEY
Thank you.

He dials the next number...

VOICE
Best Western...

84 EXT. MAURICE "SNOOPY" MILLER'S HOUSE - DAY 84

Red brick, showing its age. Karen rings the doorbell and then waits with her hands shoved into the pockets of her dark, navy coat. The door opens to reveal Moselle in her green silk robe holding her arms close against the cold.

KAREN
Moselle Miller?

MOSELLE
What do you want?

KAREN
I'm looking for Maurice.

MOSELLE
You find him, tell him the dog got run over and I'm out of grocery money.

MALE VOICE
Moselle. Who you talking to?

MOSELLE
Lady looking for Maurice.

MALE VOICE
What's she want?

MOSELLE
Hasn't said.

KAREN
That's not Maurice?

MOSELLE
That's Kenneth, my brother. He's talking on the phone.

MALE VOICE
Ask what she want with him?

MOSELLE
You ask her. Maurice's business is none of *my* business.

85 Sounding tired or bored. She turns from the door and walks into the living room. Karen steps inside, pushes the door closed and steps into the foyer. 85

MALE VOICE
How do I know?

Karen peers into a study, a small room with empty bookcases and sees Kenneth in his backward red baseball cap as he talks on the phone...

KENNETH
The State, huh. Who's fighting?

Karen walks into the living room where Moselle sits on the sofa lighting a cigarette.

MOSELLE
You like to sit down?

KAREN
Thanks.

Karen takes a chair and looks around the room: dismal, gray daylight in the windows, dark wood and white stucco, the fireplace full of trash, plastic cups, wrappers, a pizza box.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I'm looking for a friend of mine I think Maurice knows.

MOSELLE
You not with probation, one of those?

KAREN
No.

MOSELLE
You a lawyer?

KAREN
(smiles)
No, I'm not. Maybe you know him. Glenn Michaels?

Moselle draws on her cigarette, blows out a stream of smoke.

MOSELLE
Glenn? No I don't know any Glenn.

KAREN
He said he stayed here last November.

MOSELLE
Here? In this house?

KAREN
He said he stayed with Maurice.

MOSELLE
Well, *he* ain't even here that much. I like to know where he goes, but at the same time I don't *want* to know, you understand?

KAREN
(beat)
Your dog was killed?

MOSELLE
Got run over by a car.

KAREN
What did you call it?

Moselle looks at the couch where a MANGLED FRISBEE sits.

MOSELLE
Was a she, name Tuffy.

KAREN
(nods, then)
Where do you think I might find Maurice?

MOSELLE
I don't know -- the gym, the fights. I *know* he don't miss the fights. Having some tomorrow night at the State Theater. He use to take me.

KAREN
The State Theater?

VOICE
What you want with Maurice?

Karen turns, sees Kenneth standing in the arched entrance from the foyer.

MOSELLE
She looking for a man name of Glenn.

KENNETH
Did I ask you? Go on out of here. Do something with yourself.

He waits until Moselle gets up, not saying a word, walks away from them through the dining room. Karen watches him come toward her now in kind of an easy strut. She indicates the scar over his eye...

KAREN
You're a fighter?

KENNETH
How you know that?

KAREN
I can tell.

KENNETH
I *was*...

He moves his head in what might be a feint.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
Till I got my retina detached two time.

He's standing so close to her, Karen has to look up at him.

KAREN
What'd you fight, middleweight?

KENNETH
Light to super-middleweight, as my body developed. You go about what, bantam?

KAREN
Flyweight.

KENNETH
You know your divisions. You like the fights? Like the rough stuff? Yeah, I bet you do.
(moves closer)
Like to get down and tussle a little bit? Like me and Tuffy, before she got run over, we use to get down on the floor and tussle. I say to her, 'You a good dog, Tuffy, here's a treat for you.' And I give Tuffy what every dog love best. You know what that is? A bone.
(real close)
I can give you a bone, too, girl.

KAREN
You're not my type.

KENNETH
Don't matter. I let the monster out, you gonna do what it wants.

KAREN
Just a minute.

Her hand goes into her bag next to the chair.

KENNETH
Bring your own rubbers with you?

Her hand comes out of the bag holding what looks like the grip on a golf club. Kenneth grins at her...

KENNETH (CONT'D)
What else you have in there, mace? Have a whistle, different kinds of female-protection shit?

Karen pushes out of the chair to stand with him face-to-face.

KAREN
I have to go, Kenneth.

She gives him a friendly poke with the black vinyl baton that's like a golf club grip.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Maybe we'll see each other again, okay?

She steps aside and brushes past him. He grabs her left wrist...

KENNETH
We gonna tussle first.

Karen flicks the baton and sixteen inches of chrome steel shoots out of the grip. She pulls an arm's length away from him and

chops the rigid shaft at his head, Kenneth hunching, ducking away...

KENNETH (CONT'D)
God *damn*...

He lets go of her and Karen gets the room she needs, so that when he comes at her, she whips the shaft across the side of his head and he howls, stops dead, presses a hand over his ear.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?

KAREN
You wanted to tussle, we tussled.

And she walks out. She sees Moselle standing there in the foyer. Karen looks at her a moment, puts the baton in her purse and comes out with a business card.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I wrote my hotel number on there -- in case you run into Glenn.

Moselle slips the card into the pocket of her robe. Karen smiles at her and walks out the door.

86 EXT. RICHARD RIPLEY'S HOUSE - DAY 86

It's snowing pretty hard when Foley and Buddy pull up out front.

87 INT. BUDDY'S CAR - SAME 87

Buddy wipes the condensation off his window, so they can see the house.

FOLEY
Jesus, look at that wall. Place almost looks like a prison.

BUDDY
No doubt the man's got some big-ass security system.

FOLEY
Time comes, we knock on the door. See if he wants to talk about old times. Go in the easy way.

BUDDY
Yeah? You think he'll let us in, we got Snoopy and the musclebound asshole with us?

FOLEY
Who says anybody's gonna be with us? I say we go to the fights tomorrow, find out what the Snoop's big plan is, then go in ahead of those guys -- alone.

BUDDY
Let Glenn deal with the Snoop, while we're off livin' the good life.

Foley stares at the house. And now we hear...

MR. HEARN (VO)
I think you're gonna fit right in...

88 INT. RIPLEY ENTERPRISES PERSONNEL OFFICE - DAY 88

The Personnel guy, MR. HEARN, sits behind his desk, squeezing a grip exerciser and smiling warmly at Foley who wears a shitty suit and tie.

MR. HEARN
Now Mr. Ripley and I have had a long discussion about your role in the company and it was his feeling that you would be happiest working down here in Miami. How's that sound to you?

FOLEY
Great.

Mr. Hearn pauses, looks down at Foley...

MR. HEARN
You're about a 42 long, right?

FOLEY
What?

But Mr. Hearn walks out without answering. Foley looks at the desktop where a spoon sticks out of a half-eaten fruit-on-the-bottom yogurt which in turn sits beside a half-eaten Powerbar.

Foley shakes his head, takes out his zippo, starts to play with it.

MR. HEARN
Okay. Let's see how she fits.

Foley turns as Mr. Hearn bounces back into the room with what looks like a UNIFORM draped over one arm.

FOLEY
What is this?

MR. HEARN
Your uniform.

FOLEY
My what?

Mr. Hearn shows him the yellow patch that reads SECURITY on one arm. Foley smiles... amused... angry... hurt...

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me?

89 RICHARD RIPLEY'S OFFICE 89

View. Wet bar. Huge fucking aquarium.

RECEPTIONIST (OS)
Sir, you can't go in there...

Ripley looks up from his desk as Foley steps in, the receptionist right behind him now...

RIPLEY
Jack? Whoa-- what's the problem? Take it easy, let's talk...

Meanwhile, Ripley pushes a PANIC BUTTON beneath his desk...

FOLEY
A security guard? Are you fucking kidding me?

Ripley considers Foley a moment, then...

RIPLEY
You know, I wasn't sure you'd show up. But I was pretty sure that, if you did, you'd throw the job in my face.
(then)
Understand something, Jack. Up to this point, everything you've done with your life means absolutely nothing in the real world. Less than nothing.

Foley says nothing.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)
You're a bank robber. This is not a marketable skill. There are no old bank robbers out in the world living on pensions. You know this. That's why you're here right now.

Still Foley says nothing.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)
Today, I'm offering you a lousy job at a lousy wage. You think you're better than that? Fine. Show me. Show me that you're really willing to change and we'll talk about something better. A lot better. But first, Jack, you gotta earn it.

FOLEY
How, Dick? The way you earned it? By marrying some rich broad owns the company, selling it off a piece at a time, then divorcing her? What is this Knute Rockne, pull yourself up by the bootstraps bullshit? Back in prison, guy like you, place like that, you were ice cream for freaks. You were a Goddamn dumpling. Maurice and a dozen other guys coulda bled you till you had nothing. Till you were nothing. I saved your ass. So you'll pardon me if I don't wanna sit on a fuckin stool all day saying "sign in here please" or "hey, pal, you can't park there." Okay, Dick? I can't do it.

RIPLEY
Jack, I'm disappointed. I guess I misjudged you.

Two massive SECURITY GUARDS appear in the doorway...

FOLEY
Hey, what job he promise you guys?

GUARD
There's two ways we can do this.

FOLEY
Yeah? What are they?

RIPLEY
Gentleman. I think we've calmed down now. Haven't we, Jack?

FOLEY
Oh, yeah, I'm calm. In fact I'm totally "relaxed..."

And with that he picks up a paperweight (A LEAD FISH) and wings it at the aquarium, shattering the glass.

90 EXT. RIPLEY'S BUILDING - FLORIDA - DAY 90

As Foley is physically thrown out of the building by the two guards. He picks himself up. He kicks at the guards who wave him off, go back inside.

Foley then starts down the steps, pauses as he sees...

THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET

The one from the opening. Foley looks at it a moment, then calmly starts to take off his tie, drops it in the gutter as he starts across the street when we hear...

91 INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY 91

As Foley turns away from the house.

FOLEY
Tell me something, Buddy. You know anyone who's actually done one last big score and gone on to live the good life? Cause it occured to me that everyone talks about doing it, but I don't know anyone who's actually done it. Do you?

BUDDY
(beat)
What about that D.B. Cooper guy?

Foley looks at him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
I mean, they don't know for sure he's dead.

FOLEY
All I know is, I'm not going back to prison.

BUDDY
They put a gun on you, you'll go back.

FOLEY
They put a gun on you, you still have a choice, don't you?

Buddy pulls away from the house as Foley pulls the clipping of Karen he tore out of the morning paper. He's written the name "WESTIN" on it.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Listen, I gotta get some better shoes, few other things before tomorrow. Why don't you drop me off at the Ren Cen, we'll hook up later.

92 CUT TO: THE SNOWSTORM 92

It's really coming down. We then PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're looking out a window inside the cocktail lounge at the top of the Westin.

A table of three young EXECUTIVE-LOOKING GUYS in suits are laughing at something until Karen is ushered by a WAITRESS to an adjacent table.

KAREN
Jack Daniel's, please, water on the side.

She turns, sees her reflection in the glass against the overcast sky, snow swirling, blowing in gusts, seven hundred feet above the city, down there somewhere.

EXECUTIVE GUY'S VOICE
Celeste, do us again, please, and put the lady's drink on our bill.

She turns to see them raising snifter glasses to her, smiling, pleasant-looking guys in dark suits.

KAREN
Thanks anyway.

WAITRESS
(drifting over)
They want to buy you a drink.

KAREN
I get that. Tell them I'd rather pay for my own.

She then watches the three guys looking up at the Waitress delivering the message. Then they look at Karen. She gives them a shrug, turns to watch the snow. Her drink arrives. She takes a sip, looks up as one of the guys comes over...

EXECUTIVE GUY
Excuse me. My associates and I made a bet on what you do for a living.

She glances at the table, the other two watching.

EXECUTIVE GUY (CONT'D)
And I won. Hi, I'm Philip.

KAREN
If it's okay with you, Philip, I'd like to just have a quiet drink and leave. Okay?

PHILIP
Don't you want to know what I guessed? How I know what you do for a living?

KAREN
Tell you the truth, I'm not even mildly curious. Really, I don't want to be rude, Philip, I'd just like to be left alone.

She turns back to the snowstorm. She sees his reflection turn and leave. A moment later, the next one appears at the table...

EXECUTIVE GUY #2
I think I know why you're depressed -- if I may offer an observation.

She just looks at him. So sure of himself.

EXECUTIVE GUY #2 (CONT'D)
I have a hunch you're the new sales rep and your customer isn't exactly knocked out by the idea of a young lady, even one as stunning as you, handling the account. Am I close? Hi, I'm Andy.

She says nothing to him.

ANDY
We're ad guys. We flew in from New York this morning to pitch Hiram Walker Distillery, present this test-market campaign for their new margarita mix. What we do, we show this guy who looks like a Mexican bandido, you know, with the big Chihuahua hat, the bullet belts--

KAREN
Andy? Really. Who gives a shit?

He gives her a sympathetic expression.

ANDY
Want to tell me what happened?

KAREN
Beat it, will you?

She stares at the guy until he turns away. She sips her drink, stares once more out at the blizzard. After a few moments, another dark suit appears, reflected in the window.

VOICE
Can I buy you a drink?

Boom. Not one of the executive guys. She stares at the reflection for a moment, then slowly turns, looks up at JACK FOLEY now standing there in his new navy blue suit.

KAREN
(beat)
Yeah, I'd love one.
(then)
Would you like to sit down?

He pulls the chair out, looking at her. The three guys at the other table now staring as he sits down. Foley offers his hand...

FOLEY
I'm Gary.

She hesitates, then shakes his hand...

KAREN
I'm Celeste.

She smiles with him. When she lowers her hand to the table, his hand comes down to cover hers. She watches his expression as she brings her hand out slowly, his eyes not leaving hers, and lays her hand on his. The tips of her fingers brush his knuckles, lightly back and forth.

KAREN (CONT'D)
It takes hours to get a drink around here. There's only one waitress.

FOLEY
I can go to the bar.

KAREN
Don't leave me.

FOLEY
Those guys bother you?

KAREN
No, they're all right. I meant, you just got here.

She picks up her drink and places it in front of him.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Help yourself.

She watches him take a sip, smack his lips.

FOLEY
Bourbon. You like Jim Beam, Early Times?

KAREN
They're okay.

FOLEY
Wild Turkey?

KAREN
Love it.

FOLEY
Well, we got that out of the way.
(then)
Tell me, Celeste. What do you do for a living?

KAREN
I'm a sales rep. I came here to call on a customer and they gave me a hard time because I'm a girl.

FOLEY
Is that how you think of yourself?

KAREN
What, as a sales rep?

FOLEY
A girl.

KAREN
I don't have a problem with it.

FOLEY
I like your hair. And that suit.

KAREN
I had one just like it -- well, it was the same idea, but I had to get rid of it.

FOLEY
You did?

KAREN
It smelled.

FOLEY
Having it cleaned didn't help, huh?

KAREN
No.
(then)
What do you do for a living, Gary?

FOLEY
(beat)
How far do we go with this?

This stops her, throws her off balance.

KAREN
Not yet. Don't say anything yet. Okay?

FOLEY
I don't think it works if we're somebody else. You know what I mean? Gary and Celeste, Jesus, what do they know about anything?

KAREN
If we're not someone else, then we're ourselves. But don't ask me where we're going with it or how it ends, okay? Because I haven't a fucking clue. I've never played this before.

FOLEY
It's not a game. Something you play.

KAREN
Well, does it make sense to you?

FOLEY
It doesn't have to, it's something that happens. It's like seeing a person you never saw before -- you could be passing on the street -- you look at each other and for a few seconds, there's a kind of recognition. Like you both know something. But then the next moment the person's gone, and it's too late to do anything about it, but you remember it because it was right there and you let it go, and you think, 'What if I had stopped and said something?' It might happen only a few times in your life.

KAREN
Or once.

They look at each other a moment, then...

FOLEY
Why don't we get out of here.

They both get up. The ad guys at the table watch as she follows Foley to the elevator. Karen winks at them.

93 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 93

As they ride down to Karen's room. She looks at him, looks away. The doors open, they exit.

94 INT. HER HOTEL SUITE 94

As he follows her in. She walks to the bar, fixes them each a drink, he checks out the room, takes in her view.

KAREN
How'd you find me?

He comes over to her, takes out the newspaper clipping with her picture and shows it to her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Oh, God...

FOLEY
I called your room from downstairs.

KAREN
If I had answered, what were you gonna say?

FOLEY
Well, I'd say who I was and do you remember me and ask if you'd like to meet for a drink.

KAREN
If I remembered you. I came looking for you. I would've said sure, let's do it. But for all you knew I could show up with a SWAT team. Why would you trust me?

FOLEY
It would be worth the risk.

She looks at him, touches his face with her hand...

KAREN
You like taking risks.

FOLEY
So do you.

He kisses her now, puts his arms around her.

KAREN
What's the hurry, Jack? You have to be somewhere?

She hands him his drink. They both drink, then...

KAREN (CONT'D)
Sooner or later...

She stops and he looks at her over the rim of her glass.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You really wear that suit.

FOLEY
That's not what you were about to say.

She shrugs, lets it go. He puts down his drink, kisses her. She lets him, then moves to the couch.

KAREN
Remember how talkative you were? In the trunk? Adele said you do that when you're nervous.

FOLEY
She did, huh.

KAREN
You kept touching me, feeling my thigh.

FOLEY
Yeah, but in a nice way.

He sits down and they kiss again. This time she peels his jacket off. He does the same with hers. He's starting to unbutton her blouse when--

KAREN
What surprised me, I wasn't afraid. Not really.

FOLEY
(unbuttoning)
I might've smelled like a sewer, but you could tell I was a gentleman. They say John Dillinger was a pretty nice guy.

KAREN
He killed a police officer.

He stops. Looks at her.

FOLEY
I hear he didn't mean to. The cop fell as Dillinger was aiming at his leg and got him through the heart.

KAREN
You believe that?

FOLEY
Why not?

She looks at him, decides to get off this subject. Anyway he's finished unbuttoning her blouse and is now putting his hands inside her shirt. She closes her eyes.

KAREN
You know that Sig .38 you took was my favorite. My father gave it to me.

As he kisses her on the neck.

KAREN (CONT'D)
What were you gonna do with me?

FOLEY
I don't know. I hadn't worked that part out yet. All I knew was that I liked you, and I didn't want to leave you there, never see you again.

KAREN
You waved to me in the elevator.

She's loosening his tie, unbuttoning his shirt.

FOLEY
I wasn't sure you caught that.

KAREN
I couldn't believe it. I was thinking of you by then, a lot, wondering what it would be like if we did meet. Like if we could take a time-out...

FOLEY
Really? I was thinking the same thing. If we could call time and get together for a while.

They look at each other a moment.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
You know I saw you on the street.

KAREN
Where?

FOLEY
Outside Adele's.

He starts to kiss her again, but--

KAREN
You were going to see her?

FOLEY
To warn her about Chino.

KAREN
So she did help you?

FOLEY
I don't think we should get into that.

KAREN
No, you're right. Or Buddy. I won't ask if he's with you or what you're doing here in Detroit. Or if you've run into Glenn Michaels yet.

FOLEY
Don't talk like that, okay? You scare me.

And he moves to kiss her, but she stands up, holds out her hand.

KAREN
Come on.

He gets up and she leads him across the room...

95 INT. BEDROOM - SAME 95

As Jack sits on the bed to take off his shoes, stands up to take off his pants.

KAREN
Are you gonna leave your tie on?

He looks at her, down to her bra and panties, watches as she gets out of the rest of her clothes and comes over to him, standing close to help him with the tie...

FOLEY
My God, look at you.

When her clothes are off, she loops the tie around his neck again and then as she turns off the light...

She kisses him, he sits down on the bed, drawing her back with him, the only light now coming from the sitting room.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
You having fun?

She smiles and then they start to make love as we then...

FADE OUT.

MAURICE (VO)
Fuck Jack Foley...

96 INT. MAURICE & MOSELLE'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT 96

A plate of chewed-up ribs sits in the center of the table. Maurice, Kenneth, and White Boy Bob, each of them covered with sauce, gnaw like wild animals on the few bones that are left.

MAURICE
Here's how we deal with Jack Foley. I'm thinkin', after we go in the house, Moselle calls the police. Said she heard some men talking at the fights, sound like they gonna rob a man's house.

MOSELLE
How would I hear that? You don't even take me to the fights no more.

MAURICE
You just did. Don't matter how. You say you believe it's the jailbird escaped from that place in Florida you read about and you want the reward.

KENNETH
(looks OS)
Ain't you gonna eat none a these?

An extremely uneasy Glenn stands near the door, smoking a cigarette, watching the feeding frenzy with a mixture of fascination and revulsion.

GLENN
No, thank you. I'm not hungry.

Maurice looks over at Glenn now, making Glenn very uncomfortable. Moselle looks at Glenn, nudges Maurice...

MOSELLE
Where they gonna find him?

MAURICE
At the man's house he robbed.

MOSELLE
Dead from gunshot?

MAURICE
It would look like it, yeah. His friend, too. Mr. Buddy.

MOSELLE
Who killed them?

MAURICE
Nobody knows. Maybe the man from the house they tried to rob. Or the man's butler. Yeah, the butler done it.

They all start laughing. Then...

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Moselle, bring me some more ribs. This is some scrumptious shit...

KENNETH
True dat.

WHITE BOY BOB
I wonder if Tuffy's gettin' any bones where he is.

Maurice stops eating. Kenneth gives White Boy Bob a look that says Nice going, dumbfuck. Moselle comes in with a big can of Magnum Malt Liquor, sets it down beside Maurice. Suddenly, he grabs a knife and slams it down into the table.

MAURICE
MotherFUCKER!

Glenn nearly has a heart attack. Maurice is near tears.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
I find out who it was ran over my little Tuffy dog, that man's ass is mine. I'm gonna set fire to the man's house with the man in it.

97 FADE IN: KAREN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 97

Foley's asleep. She looks at him a moment, then moves away from him to sit up and swing her legs off the bed.

FOLEY
You coming back?

KAREN
I have to go to the bathroom.

She gets up and crosses the room to the bathroom and closes the door. Foley picks up his zippo off the nighttable.

98 INT. BATHROOM - SAME 98

She comes in. Looks at herself in the mirror. Suddenly feels self-conscious. She grabs a bathrobe off the door.

99 INT. BEDROOM - SAME 99

Foley lies there, fiddling with the zippo, staring up at the ceiling. She comes out again and stands looking down at him.

KAREN
I want you to know something. I wasn't looking for just a fuck, if that's what you're thinking.

FOLEY
Why are you mad?

KAREN
Or I did it for some kind of kinky thrill. Score with a bank robber the way some women go for rough trade.

FOLEY
What about *my* motive? Now I can say I fucked a U.S. Marshal. You think I will?

KAREN
I don't know.

He raises the covers, but she just stands there.

FOLEY
I know of a guy he goes in the bank holding a bottle he says is nitroglycerin. He scores some cash off a teller, he's on his way out when he drops the bottle. It shatters on the tile floor, he slips in the stuff, cracks his head and they've got him. The nitro was canola oil. I know more fucked-up bank robbers than ones that know what they're doing. I doubt one in ten can tell a dye pack when he sees one. Most bank robbers are fucking morons. To go to bed with a bank robber so you can say you did, you'd have to be as dumb as they are. I know you're not dumb, I know you're not looking for kinky thrills, as you say. So why would I think that? Why would *you* think I might think that?

She comes over and sits down on the bed.

KAREN
You're not dumb.

FOLEY
I don't know about that. You can't do three falls and think you have much of a brain.

They lie there for a few moments, Karen watching him. He senses this, looks at her...

FOLEY (CONT'D)
You getting serious on me now?

KAREN
I'm trying not to. I just wanna know what's gonna happen.

FOLEY
(beat)
You know.

And he kisses her.

100 EXT. DETROIT - DAY 100

The sun is out. The snow has stopped falling. A white blanket covers everything.

101 INT. KAREN'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME 101

As Karen opens her eyes, wakes up. She closes them again, lies on her side, but doesn't move for a moment. Then...

KAREN
Oh, for Christ sake, grow up.

She opens her eyes and rolls onto her back. She turns her head: Foley's gone. She gets out of bed...

INT. SITTING ROOM - SAME

As Karen comes into the room tying her robe. She looks at the coffee table where...

Something wrapped in a napkin lies by the half-empty bottle and the ice bucket. She picks it up and slowly unfolds the "gift" from Foley: Her Sig Sauer .38.

102 INT. FOLEY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 102

Buddy stands at the window looking out as Foley -- in his underwear -- sits at the table reading the newspaper, a room-service breakfast, a bottle of Jim Beam close by.

BUDDY
It took you, what, seven hours to buy a pair of shoes?

FOLEY
I saw Karen Sisco.

Buddy turns to him.

BUDDY
And she saw you?

FOLEY
Yes, she did.

BUDDY
So how's that work, a wanted felon socializing with a U.S. Marshal?

FOLEY
You know how I felt about her.

BUDDY
Did you give her a jump? If you did I might begin to understand where your head's at.

FOLEY
It wasn't about getting laid. I just wanted to know what might've happened if things were different.

BUDDY
You find out?

FOLEY
Yeah, I did.

Buddy watches Foley pour a shot of Jim Beam in his coffee.

BUDDY
So what's that mean? That you're disappointed by what you found or you're sorry you robbed all those banks?

FOLEY
I don't know.

103 INT. KAREN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 103

Karen sits there staring at a Wild Turkey bottle, a couple of glasses. She reaches for the phone, dials. A moment later, we hear MARSHALL SISCO'S ANSWERING MACHINE and she hangs up.

104 INT. STATE THEATER - NIGHT 104

A ring set up on stage. Men hang out on the side. Where movie seats used to be are rows of round nightclub tables; a row of them on each of four levels rising a step at a time up through the theater to the bar. Rap music booms out of speakers as fighters are announced.

Everyone in here is black except for Glenn and White Boy Bob who sit at a table in the front row while Maurice in a dude black felt cap set on his head just right and shades walks along the apron of the stage...

MAURICE
Stick and jab, stick and jab!

White Boy throws down a beer and gives Glenn's shoulder a jab.

WHITE BOY BOB
You drink like a girl.

White Boy looks around to see if there are any other morons sitting nearby who think it's funny. Kenneth comes through for his pal and laughs.

105 EXT. STATE THEATER - SAME 105

Across the street. As Karen gets out of her car, crosses to the theater where two young men in red-and-gold KRONK jackets work the door. They smile as she approaches...

SECURITY GUY
I gotta look in your bag, honey.

She shows them her ID and star...

KAREN
This is all you need to know, right?

106 INT. THEATER - SAME 106

As Karen walks through the bar, pauses as she sees Glenn sitting with White Boy and Kenneth. She steps back into the shadows as Glenn glances anxiously about.

ON GLENN

as he pushes his chair back.

GLENN
I got to go take a piss.

He hesitates, sees the car keys on the table in front of White Boy Bob. But before he can grab them...

WHITE BOY BOB
What're you telling us for? You want somebody to hold your little pecker?

Glenn gets up, sees his coat on the back of the chair, but knows he can't take it with him. He walks away from the table.

107 EXT. STATE THEATER - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME 107

As Glenn exits the theater and crosses to the parking lot. Karen exits right after, watches him get into the Town Car.

INT. TOWN CAR - SAME TIME

Glenn behind the wheel, half lying on his right side as he tries to rip open the locked glove compartment. His head jerks around as Karen opens the door. He sits up straight as she gets in with him.

KAREN
Glenn, are you trying to steal this car?

GLENN
Jesus, I don't believe it.

KAREN
Another one of those days, huh, nothing seems to go right?

He raises his empty hands.

GLENN
I don't have the keys.

KAREN
I see that.

GLENN
I mean I'm not stealing the fucking car.

KAREN
You're not?

GLENN
I already stole it. Last week or whenever it was, in West Palm. I can't be stealing it again, can I?

KAREN
The two guys you were with -- that one, that isn't Maurice Miller, is it? I've seen Snoopy's mug shot and that didn't look like him.

GLENN
Jesus. How'd you know about Snoopy?

Karen looks at him, shakes her head.

KAREN
Glenn, I know your life history, who your friends are, where you've been and now, it looks like, where you're going. Put your hands on the wheel.

GLENN
You're gonna bust me for picking up a car?

KAREN
For the car, for aiding and abetting a prison escape, and conspiring to do whatever you came here for.

GLENN
Listen, these guys, they're gonna be out here any minute looking for me. They're fucking animals.

KAREN
What's going on, Glenn?

GLENN
Nothing. I just wanna get the fuck outta here.

KAREN
But I thought the whole thing was your idea?

GLENN
Rippin' off Ripley was my idea, but these guys, man, they're into shit I can't handle.

KAREN
Ripley? You mean the wall street guy?

GLENN
Yeah, the plan was to pick him up at his office tomorrow, take him out to his house in Bloomfield Hills. Now, I don't give a shit what they do.

KAREN
And is Foley a part of this?

GLENN
He's supposed to be, but he hasn't shown up yet, which is a good thing for him.

KAREN
Why's that?

GLENN
Maurice is gonna kill him, try and collect the reward.

KAREN
(beat)
But you say he hasn't shown up, you think he backed out?

GLENN
I don't know-- he doesn't exactly confide in me.

KAREN
Gee, I wonder why not.

GLENN
I'm freezing my ass off.

KAREN
You want to get out of here, run, it'll warm you up.

GLENN
Really?

KAREN
But listen, Glenn? If you're lying to me...

GLENN
I know, you'll find me. Jesus, I believe it. I keep thinking if you hadn't driven me to federal court last summer, you wouldn't even know who I am.

KAREN
If I didn't know you, Glenn, by tomorrow you'd be in jail or dead. Look at it that way. Go on.

And he takes off. She sits there another moment, then flicks her cigarette out the door, gets out of the car.

108 EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME 108

Karen looks across the street at the theater, sees people leaving. A few seconds later, she steps behind a car and watches as Buddy and Foley pull into the lot...

109 INT. THEATER - SAME 109

Maurice sits with White Boy and Kenneth as Foley and Buddy come down the aisle to their table.

MAURICE
Where you been? You miss the big boys, come in time for the walkout fights. Well, shit, you may as well pull up a chair.

Foley and Buddy remain standing.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Kenneth, this is Mr. Jack Foley and this is Mr. Buddy, famous bank robbers.

Foley nods to the raincoat draped over the back of a chair.

FOLEY
Who's sitting here?

MAURICE
Your homie, Glenn. Only thing, he went to the men's about a while ago and never came back.

Foley gives Buddy a look. White Boy Bob grins at them.

WHITE BOY BOB
I think he must've fell in.

MAURICE
I sent these two looking for him, they come back shaking their heads.

FOLEY
Well, if he left his coat and he's been gone a while.

WHITE BOY BOB
The car's still there. I looked.

MAURICE
(to the ring)
Reggie, push off and hit, man. Push him off.

FOLEY
We're leaving.

MAURICE
The fuck you talking about?

FOLEY
Snoop, if you don't know where Glenn is...

Maurice takes Foley by the arm, moves him away from the table.

MAURICE
Look, what you worried about Glenn for? What's he know?

FOLEY
I thought everything.

Foley watches the fighters: one of them patient, moving in while the other one takes wild swings and misses...

MAURICE
Glenn knows everything we suppose to do tomorrow. Glenn could tell somebody that, yeah, but it don't mean shit. You understand? Cause Glenn don't know I changed the plan.
(then)
It's happening tonight.

Foley looks at Maurice now.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Soon as we leave here. Stop home and pick up what we need and go do it.

FOLEY
(beat)
Give me a minute, talk to Buddy.

MAURICE
You got two minutes, that's all. Make up your mind.

FOLEY
I wasn't asking permission.

Foley walks up to the bar with Buddy.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
They want to go tonight, before Glenn gets in any trouble, opens his big mouth.

BUDDY
Whatta you wanna do?

Foley takes out his lighter, begins playing with it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
You know they gonna set us up.

FOLEY
I get that feeling, yeah.

BUDDY
But you still think you can get the diamonds fore they do?

Foley looks at him a moment, then...

FOLEY
I'll make you a deal. Get out of here. Right now. I'll do the job with the Snoop, meet you wherever you want and give you half.

BUDDY
Half for doing what?

FOLEY
Getting me out of Glades for starters.

BUDDY
And who watches your back?

ON MAURICE

as he sits down with White Boy Bob and Kenneth, watches as Buddy and Foley talk up at the bar.

MAURICE
Man has all that reward on his head and still talks like a con in the yard. You know what I'm saying? Like he's a man you don't mess with. Yeah, well, what I say to Jack Foley is buuullshit.

110 EXT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 110

It's snowing as Maurice, White Boy Bob, Kenneth, Buddy, and Foley pile into the back of a van, the name of some plumbing and heating company on the side.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we're watching from inside Karen's car. She waits for the van to pull away, then follows.

111 INT. VAN - NIGHT 111

Kenneth -- the fucking maniac -- at the wheel. Buddy and Foley piled into the back of the van full of plastic pipe and equipment. Maurice pulls on a pair of white coveralls.

FOLEY
That what they're wearing these days to break and enter?

MAURICE
Break and enter, shit. Take it and git, how it's done. Don't waste any time. That's how you do it.

FOLEY
So you've done this before, huh?

MAURICE
Shit, yeah. White Boy even got busted for it.
(then)
White Boy, tell these boys the reason you went down on that burglary that time.

WHITE BOY BOB
I left my wallet in the house I robbed.

The guy grins at them. Foley can't believe it.

MAURICE
Takes the TV, the VCR, some other shit and leaves his wallet on the floor.

FOLEY
That's a wonderful story, Snoop. I'm very excited about tonight.

MAURICE
Hey. You learn from doing.

Foley and Buddy exchange looks. Maurice turns around, a Beretta in his hand. Foley looks at him. Buddy tenses.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
You know how to use one a these?

FOLEY
I've seen 'em used on TV.

Maurice hands Foley the Beretta. Then reaches into a bag, comes up with a .38 he hands to Buddy.

112 INT. KAREN'S CAR - SAME 112

As Karen tries to keep up with the van. But with the snow and the way Kenneth drives, she starts to lose them. She speeds up around a corner and loses control of the car...

113 EXT. STREET - SAME 113

As Karen's car does a 360 in the ice and snow.

114 INT. VAN - NIGHT 114

Buddy and Foley are jostled about the back from Kenneth's insane driving...

BUDDY
Slow down.

Kenneth grins in the mirror, punches it more. Buddy gets out the .38 and touches it to the back of Kenneth's head.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Get ready to grab the wheel when I shoot this asshole.

Kenneth, his eyes freaked with speed, glares at Buddy in the mirror.

MAURICE
Do like he says, man; slow down.

115 EXT. KAREN'S CAR - NIGHT 115

As a pissed-off Karen gets out of her car, watches the van disappear.

KAREN
Shit--

116 INT. KAREN'S CAR - SAME 116

She takes out her cellphone, punches a number, re-orients her car at the same time.

117 EXT. RICHARD RIPLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 117

As the van creeps by one way, then the other, then pulls into the driveway.

118 INT./EXT. VAN - RIPLEY'S HOUSE 118

All five of them in the back end of the van now, bumping into each other until Maurice lets White Boy out the rear end, leaving the doors open enough so he can watch. He then racks the slide on a .45.

MAURICE
'An army .45 will stop all jive.'
Huey P. said that.

BUDDY
You think he was talking about walking into people's houses when he said it?

Maurice looks at Buddy. Buddy holds his gaze. Then the coach lights on either side of the front entrance come on.

MAURICE
(pulls his mask down)
Get ready to go skiing.

Now the front door opens...

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Here we go.

We catch a glimpse of a WOMAN in the doorway, arms folded over her bathrobe as White Boy gives her a push and steps inside the house with her.

Maurice is out of the truck and Kenneth, with a shotgun, is scrambling to be next. Buddy catches him by his jacket collar and holds him squirming until Foley is out.

The minute Kenneth's feet hit the driveway he turns the 12-gauge on Buddy, still in the truck. Foley takes the barrel in one hand and shoves it straight up in Kenneth's face.

FOLEY
Go on in the house before you get hurt.

Kenneth puts his face up close to Foley's and stares at him good before going inside. Foley turns to Buddy...

FOLEY (CONT'D)
There's still time, take me up on my offer.

BUDDY
I'm not leaving you alone with these assholes.

119 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - SAME 119

Where Maurice has the woman backed against a table. She's in her forties, with thick red hair hanging free. She looks ready to take a swing at whomever approaches...

WOMAN
I work here. I'm the maid.

Kenneth reaches out, opens her robe and we get a flash of flimsy bra and low-cut panties before she slaps him away.

WOMAN/MAID
Fuck off.

KENNETH
Hey, shit, we're gonna have a party.

MAURICE
Not yet. Where's Mr. Ripley?

MAID
I told you, he isn't here.

MAURICE
Out for the evening?

MAID
He's in Florida. Palm Beach.

MAURICE
(beat)
When's he due back?

FOLEY
Jesus Christ, what difference does it make? You want to wait for him?

MAID
Mr. Ripley's down for the season. Christmas to Easter.

MAURICE
You here all by yourself?

MAID
(beat)
That's right, just me.

Foley catches the hesitation, glances at Buddy.

MAURICE
Where's Ripley's safe at, he keep his valuables in.

MAID
I don't have any idea.

MAURICE
Let's go upstairs, have a look at the man's bedroom. All right now, you and Mr. Buddy check the rooms down here. Look at the wall behind any pictures hanging on it. Look at the walls in the closets. The man has a safe, it's gonna be up there somewhere.

FOLEY
How about his place in Florida? If you'd called, we could've checked his walls down there before we left. That is, if you'd checked to see where he was. You follow me?

Maurice gives him a look, pulls the maid up the stairs. Kenneth and White Boy Bob follow...

MAURICE
You set off any kind of alarm and you're a dead Hazel. Understand?

Kenneth puts his arm around the maid.

KENNETH
What's your name, mama?

He hooks a finger in the waist of her panties, pulls on the elastic is about to look in there when Maurice backhands him across the face.

MAURICE
First money, then pussy.

Alone with Buddy now, Foley rolls his mask up on his head.

FOLEY
You ever wear one of these?

BUDDY
I don't ski.

FOLEY
Stay with the maid. I'm gonna have a look around.

120 INT. KAREN'S CAR - NIGHT 120

Karen on the phone... snow falling all around her.

RAYMOND CRUZ (PHONE)
I'll send a unit over there, see if there's anything going on.

KAREN
Tell me where Ripleysshhouseiss Iilll meet them there.

CRUZ (PHONE)
Karen, you gonna promise me you're not gonna go in, do anything stupid till I get there....

121 INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME 121

Full of fat, cushy chairs and a sofa, everything white or black, a wet bar, a big TV, CD player. Buddy moves into the doorway, peers inside.

Kenneth is trying to find a radio station while Maurice and White Boy Bob ransack the place. White Boy Bob checks under the mattress...

WHITE BOY BOB
Hey-

Maurice and Kenneth look over expectantly.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)
I found a rubber.

MAURICE
White Boy, the man's not gonna hide no diamonds under the fuckin mattress.

Maurice looks out the door, sees Buddy in the doorway.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Where's Foley?

BUDDY
Checkin' the other rooms, like you said.

MAURICE
(to White Boy)
Go keep an eye on him.

White Boy Bob slips out of the room. Maurice turns to Kenneth, who's still playing with the stereo.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Kenneth, fuck the radio, put on a CD.

KENNETH
(looking them over)
I don't recognize none of these bands.

MAURICE
Just pick one, put it on.

122 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME 122

White Boy Bob watches from the end of the hall as Foley peers into each of the bedrooms. Foley sees a back staircase and starts down. A moment later White Boy Bob follows...

123 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME 123

White Boy Bob comes down the stairs. No sign of Foley. White Boy starts down one hallway, then turns back. Now he's lost. He opens a door, starts to walk into a closet, then backs out. He goes down the hall, turns into...

124 THE KITCHEN - SAME 124

Where White Boy Bob enters, calls out tentatively.

WHITE BOY BOB
Uh, Foley?

He takes in the huge room, the massive sub-zero refrigerator. He moves to the freezer, opens it, takes in the FROZEN STEAKS.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)
Cool.

125 INT. HALLWAY (DOWNSTAIRS) - SAME 125

As Foley quietly moves to the doorway, peers into the kitchen, watches White Boy Bob starts going through the freezer, taking out steaks and stacking them up on the counter. Foley shakes his head and moves on.

126 INT. LIBRARY (DOWNSTAIRS) - SAME 126

Dark. As Foley steps into the doorway, we BOOM DOWN to reveal a LIGHTED AQUARIUM in f.g. He comes into the room, sits down in an armchair beside the fish tank.

He leans close to the glass, stares at the fish a moment. He sees a door reflected there and turns to look across the room, sees how the phone cord disappears underneath.

FOLEY
They cut the lines, Richard.

Silence. The door opens and we see a terrified Richard Ripley sitting on top of a toilet, the phone in his lap.

RIPLEY
Foley? That you?

FOLEY
How are you, Richard?

RIPLEY
Jesus Christ, what the hell are you doing here? What's going on? Who's upstairs?

FOLEY
Maurice Miller, couple of his friends.

RIPLEY
Maurice? From Lompoc? Good God.

Ripley moves to the doorway.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)
Have they got Midge up there?

FOLEY
What kinda man lets a woman answer the door, this time a night?

RIPLEY
We thought it might be her husband. Sometimes he comes and checks up on her. She told him I was down in Florida.

FOLEY
A minute or two, you're gonna wish you were.

Ripley looks at him. Foley pats the back of a chair.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Why don't you come on over here, sit down, Richard, have a look at your fish.

127 EXT. BLOOMFIELD HILLS - ROAD - SAME 127

As Karen slowly negotiates her way through the snowstorm.

128 INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM - SAME 128

The MUSIC ON LOUD (Herb Albert -- Tijuana Taxi). Buddy stands in the doorway, watches Maurice, out of his coveralls, as he takes suits and sport coats from the walk-in closet to look them over. He tries on a coat, turns to the Maid...

MAURICE
How do I look, mama?

MAID
Like a fag.

Maurice smiles at her, goes back into the closet, Kenneth stares at the maid, nodding slowly.

KENNETH
I think she like to tussle with me.
Get boned a way she gonna remember.

She looks to the doorway where Buddy now starts to take a step into the room when Maurice comes out of the closet...

MAURICE (OS)
Motherfucker!

He sticks his head out of the closet.

MAURICE
I found the safe.

Buddy backs out of the room.

129 EXT. RICHARD RIPLEY'S HOUSE - SAME 129

As Karen drives slowly past the house. White Boy Bob emerges with an armload of steaks and sets them on the front steps.

MAURICE
White Boy! Get your ass up here!

White Boy Bob hurries back into the house.

130 INT. RIPLEY'S LIBRARY - SAME 130

Ripley sits on the couch across from Foley. He keeps looking up at the ceiling.

RIPLEY
What do you want from me, Jack? Name it. You want money?

FOLEY
You gonna write me a check?

RIPLEY
We'll go to my bank. I'll make a withdrawal.

Foley just looks at him. Buddy sticks his head in the room.

BUDDY
They found the safe.

FOLEY
You remember Buddy, don't you, Richard?

BUDDY
Yeah, hi. Nice house.

RIPLEY
Thank you.

131 INT. BEDROOM - CLOSET DOORWAY - SAME 131

White Boy Bob comes in as Kenneth and Maurice are getting ready to blast the safe with the shotgun and pistol.

MAURICE
We gonna open up this fucker...

Maurice and his boys open fire on the safe. The maid covers up as bullets begin ricocheting all over the room...

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Jesus...!

132 EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME 132

Karen sees the MUZZLE FLASHES in the upstairs window and quickly gets out of the car.

133 INT. STUDY - SAME 133

As Buddy and Ripley look up.

RIPLEY
(gets up)
Good God... they're shooting Midge!

FOLEY
(pushes him down)
Siddown, Dick. They're trying to open the safe, not your maid.

134 INT. BEDROOM 134

As Maurice, Kenneth, and White Boy get ready to fire again.

MAURICE
A'ight, this time we gotta get the motherfuckin' trajectory right...
(then)
Okay, on three: One... Two...

MAID
The combination is three-ten-forty-four.

They all turn to look at her, guns still pointing at the safe.

MAID (CONT'D)
Richard's birthday.

135 EXT. HOUSE - SAME 135

As Karen cautiously makes her way towards the front door.

136 INT. BEDROOM - SAME 136

As Maurice finally gets the safe open. They all anxiously peer inside. Maurice narrows his eyes, reaches in, pulls out a MASON JAR FULL OF POCKET CHANGE.

MAURICE
Motherfucker.

He looks at White Boy Bob...

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Go find Foley. NOW!

137 INT. RIPLEY'S STUDY - SAME 137

As Foley leans forward in the chair now...

RIPLEY
I can't beleive you're still angry with me, Jack, after all this time?

FOLEY
I'm not angry, Richard.
(staring at the tank)
In fact, I'm completely relaxed. Thing is, I can't tell if it's the fish that're cooling me out or all those uncut diamonds on the bottom of the tank there.

Ripley sags, closes his eyes.

BUDDY
Damn--

And now Buddy takes a closer look and now we, too, see that strewn about the bottom of the aquarium are dozens of uncut diamonds of various sizes.

FOLEY
Dumbfuck Glenn was right, there's about five million worth in there, wouldn't you say, Richard?

RIPLEY
Five point two.

BUDDY
They look like plain old rocks.

FOLEY
They sure do.

He gets up, looks at Buddy.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
Go get a bag.

Foley turns to Richard as Buddy comes back into the room with a plastic bag, starts reaching into the tank.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
I were you, I'd get up and run.

RIPLEY
I'm not leaving Midge.

FOLEY
Don't be an asshole, Richard. They're gonna kill you.

RIPLEY
If that's my fate, so be it. I'm not leaving.
(then)
I love her, Jack.

Foley looks at Buddy. Now what?

BUDDY
C'mon.

Foley just looks at Ripley who doesn't move.

FOLEY
Good luck, Richard.

MAURICE
Someone down here?

Buddy and Foley slip out the other door, down the hall just as Maurice walks in, some of Ripley's clothes over his arm.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Well, if it isn't the Ripper hisself.

RIPLEY
Are those my suits?

MAURICE
Where you been hiding, Dick?

138 EXT. HOUSE - SAME 138

A now-freezing Karen hugs a retaining wall, watches as Foley and Buddy emerge from the house.

AT THE VAN

As Buddy leans under the dash. Foley looks up at the house where we see shadows moving about in the upstairs window, hear the faint pumping of the music. We hear the VAN START.

BUDDY
Okay.

Buddy straightens up, looks at Foley.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Come on.

FOLEY
Shit.

BUDDY
What?

FOLEY
They're gonna rape the maid, aren't they.

BUDDY
From the looks of those boys, the Ripper, too.

FOLEY
And then they'll kill 'em.

BUDDY
At least.

Foley looks at the diamonds in the bag.

FOLEY
We made it, didnttwwê

BUDDY
All you gotta do is get in.

Again Foley looks at the diamonds, then...

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Whatta you wanna do?

Foley finally hands him the bag with the diamonds in it...

FOLEY
Dump the van. Meet me at the airport, the Northwest Terminal. I'll be right behind you.

BUDDY
How you gonna get there?

FOLEY
(backing away)
I'll take one of Ripley's cars.

BUDDY
Jack--

FOLEY
Go!

ON KAREN

As she watches Foley go back inside. A moment later, the van pulls out of the driveway. Karen makes a decision, starts for the side of the house...

139 INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE - THE FOYER - SAME 139

As Foley enters and we hear THE MAID SCREAM. Foley starts up the stairs.

140 INT. RIPLEY'S STUDY 140

Maurice and White Boy Bob both have their guns to Ripley's head.

RIPLEY
(hears the scream)
Midge.

MAURICE
Forget about her. Tell me where the money's at.

RIPLEY
Foley's got it.

MAURICE
Where the fuck is Foley?

141 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - SAME 141

As Foley comes up the stairs, heads for Ripley's bedroom. The door is closed now...

FOLEY
Midge?

He steps to one side, is about to reach for the knob when suddenly the DOOR IS BLASTED OFF IT'S HINGES.

142 INT. KITCHEN (DOWNSTAIRS) - SAME TIME 142

As Karen comes through the door, hears the gunshot, stops cold.

143 INT. HALLWAY (UPSTAIRS) - SAME 143

As Foley steps into the doorway and we see Kenneth and the maid bare, both sitting up in bed, Kenneth racking the shotgun, the maid turning away from him, gathering the covers that hang off her side of the bed...

...and coming around to throw them like a net at Kenneth as the shotgun goes off and the covers catch fire as Foley pumps one two three shots into Kenneth somewhere under there.

144 INT. RIPLEY'S STUDY - SAME 144

As Ripley tries to get away...

RICHARD
Midge!

Maurice grabs him by the collar, barks at White Boy Bob:

MAURICE
Go get that motherfucker! Bring him to me!

145 INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM - SAME 145

As the maid jumps up and drags the burning covers from the bed and sees Kenneth now, the bullet holes in his chest, staring blankly back at him. She then looks at Foley.

MAID
(cold)
Where's Dick?

FOLEY
Downstairs.

We HEAR FAINT SIRENS.

FOLEY (CONT'D)
But wait here. There's two more.

146 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME 146

As Foley starts out of the room and immediately hears...

WHITE BOY BOB
Hold it, asshole!

Foley sees White Boy Bob at the bottom of the stairs.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)
Drop the gun.

Nowhere to go, Foley has to comply.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)
Now stay right there.

White Boy Bob starts to jog up the stairs two at a time, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on Foley.

WHITE BOY BOB (CONT'D)
Maurice! I got Foley!

147 INT. RIPLEY'S LIBRARY - SAME 147

As Maurice hits Ripley across the face with his gun and hurries out.

148 INT. KITCHEN - SAME 148

As Karen hears White Boy Bob...

WHITE BOY BOB
Maurice! Up here!

149 INT. STAIRCASE - SAME 149

As White Boy Bob gets maybe half way up when he catches a toe on one of the risers and pitches forward. Stupidly, he tries to break his fall with the elbow of his gun hand and ends up jamming his chin down onto the muzzle of his gun which, unfortunately for him, goes off, firing a bullet through his head and killing him instantly.

To say the least, Foley is stunned by this freak accident. He stands there looking at the dead bulk on the stairs.

FOLEY
(finally)
You learn from doing.

Foley bends down to pick up his gun and we see MAURICE COMING UP THE BACK STAIRCASE, his gun raised, and now firing away...

Foley retreats back to the bedroom as...

KAREN

Moves into the foyer. She looks up, raises her gun as Maurice moves past the top of the stairs...

KAREN
Maurice!

Maurice, disoriented, looks down at her...

KAREN (CONT'D)
Drop it!

Maurice, obviously not interested in Karen's instruction, turns to shoot her. Karen, obviously anticipating this, squeezes off

three quick rounds, blowing Maurice back against the wall. The SIRENS ARE RIGHT OUTSIDE NOW...

150 EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME 150

As Raymond Cruz and several green-and-whites arrive...

151 INT. HOUSE - SAME TIME 151

As Karen takes in the scene, including White Boy Bob (who is still dead).

KAREN
Jack?

There's no answer.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Jack, I know you're up there.

A moment later, Foley steps into the hallway, his ski mask now pulled down over his face. He picks up Maurice's gun so that he now has two guns in his hand.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Come on, Jack -- don't.

FOLEY
Pretend I'm somebody else.

KAREN
You think I'd shoot you?

Foley brings the Beretta and Maurice's gun up.

FOLEY
If you don't, one of those guys will.

He looks to where Raymond Cruz and a half-dozen other COPS now stand lined up in the foyer behind her.

KAREN
What're you now, a desperado? Put the guns down.

FOLEY
I told you, I'm not going back.

He raises the guns hip-high and we hear sounds behind Karen, but she's quick to raise her hand, though she doesn't turn or look around.

KAREN
Don't do this. Please.

They stand there staring at each other.